

Jason Rubin
Francis Manapul
Joel Gomez
Animation
Comicraft

the IRON Saint™



TOP COW
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

MRCGN

the **IRON** *Saint*TM

written and created by:

Jason Rubin

art by:

Francis Manapul

and

Joel Gomez



published by

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Los Angeles

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the IRON Saint™



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Francis Manapul
and Animation

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Mark Roslan
For this edition: **Jason Rubin and Phil Smith**

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Perhaps I owe you an explanation...

A lot has happened since we first met Michael Iron and Angel Chase in September of 2007.

Michael Turner, good friend, famed artist, and owner of Aspen Comics, succumbed to bone cancer shortly after the release of the books. The Iron Covers he drew, reprinted in this compilation, are some of his last works. Issue #1: Cover E, is the only work he ever colored himself -- and he did so with colored pencil! MT was an incredible artist, but more importantly he was an incredible person. I remember vividly watching him limp into a con in pain and on crutches, days after chemotherapy, to sit for hours with a broad smile on his face so his fans would have a good show. He defined selfless. It would have been an honor to simply know Michael Turner, but to have been able to work with him, and everyone at Aspen, is a privilege for which I will always be thankful.

I am not so lucky to have run across the band Iron Maiden. What might have been a simple trademark dispute over the original title "Iron and the Maiden" became three long years of headache. Many of the documents are public record, but to make a long story short, in exchange for renaming the books, Iron Maiden stated that they had no proof whatsoever that I had done anything wrong. That may not seem like a satisfactory outcome to the astute reader, because someone who has done nothing wrong should not have to change the title of his creation, but I have better things to do with my time than argue for the next five years whether a modern rock band can own the name of a century old torture device.

And so with the books renamed "The Iron Saint" it was finally time to release the Trade Paperback. I have been working with TopCow on "Mysterious Ways," a dark miniseries that follows the Sam, a serial killer doing God's bidding by murdering innocent pregnant women in Manhattan. Working with TopCow has been a great experience, so I decided that TopCow would be the perfect home for the compilation. I can't thank Marc, Matt, Filip, and Philip enough for all their hard work and support!

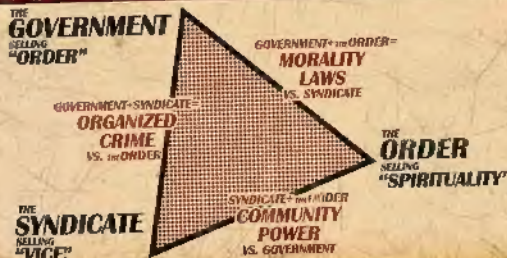
Putting this book together reminded me of how much fun it was to create, and how many talented people contributed. From the pre-production team of Joe Madureira, Jeff Matsuda, Chris Lichtner, and the team at Blur, the production team of Francis Manapul, Joel Gomez and Danimation, the cover contributions of Chris Bachalo, Jim Lee, and of course Michael Turner, and 3D work done by the Dreamhive, this was a small series packed with big talent.

I have often been asked whether or not there will be at least a few more Iron Saint books so that we may all know happens to Michael Iron, Angel Chase, and the rest of the (surviving) characters. After all, the story ends with Iron and Angel in deeper than ever. Do they ever reach that house in the country with the white picket fence? I often ask myself that question, and to be honest with you I don't have an answer. Though I know what happens next, and some day may be lucky enough to tell that story, I can't answer the ultimate question of how the story ends. In some ways it's better to be a reader than a writer, because every page turn is a surprise. Perhaps I'm preserving that joy for myself.

In any event, what you have before you is the story so far. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed creating it!

--Jason Rubin - NYC '10
www.jasonrubin.com

THE CITY 3 WAY POWER STRUGGLE ANALYSIS



rOld Program Possibilities Chart

Dr. Wolfgang VonScrumting
March 15, 1939





Written by: **Jason Rubin**. Penciled by: **Francis Manapul** with **Joel Gomez**

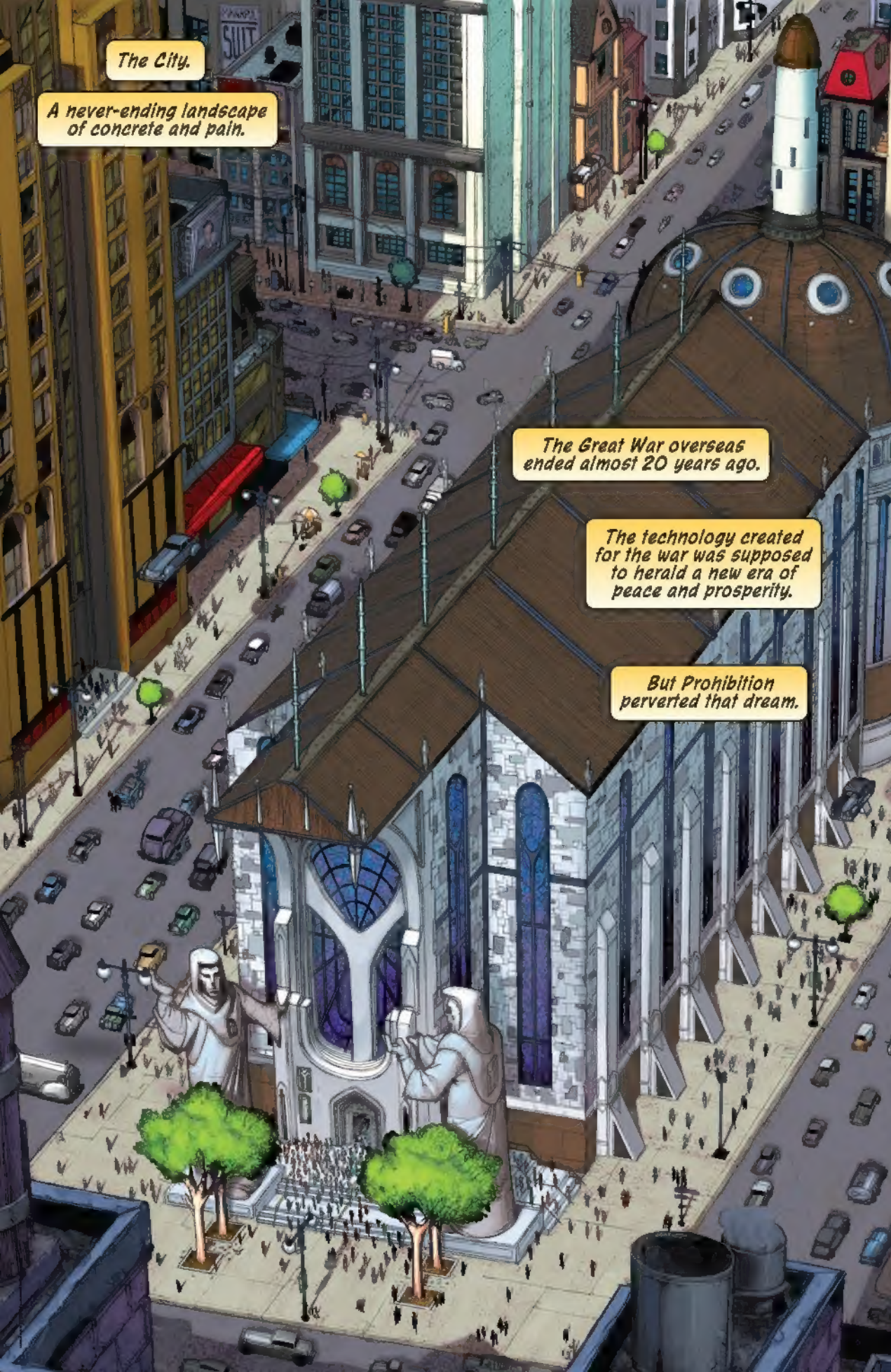
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Color Designs by: **Chris Lichtner**

Original edition Book Design and Production by: **Mark Roslan**

An aerial, isometric view of a city street. A large, ornate cathedral with a brown tiled roof and a white dome topped with a rocket ship is the central focus. The street is filled with cars and pedestrians. In the foreground, two large statues of figures in robes stand on a raised platform. The scene is set in a dense urban environment with various buildings and streetlights.

The City.

*A never-ending landscape
of concrete and pain.*

*The Great War overseas
ended almost 20 years ago.*

*The technology created
for the war was supposed
to herald a new era of
peace and prosperity.*

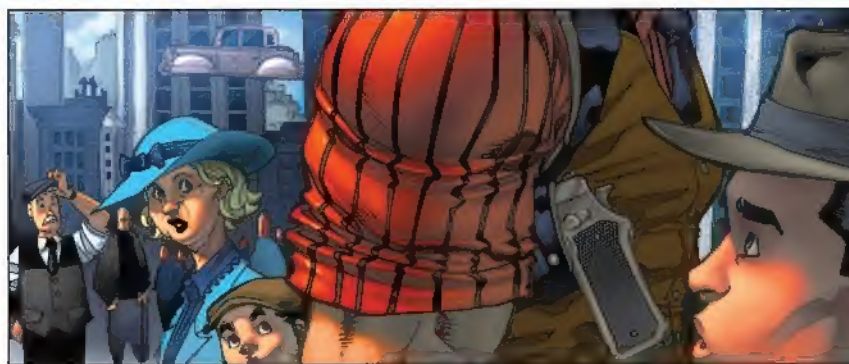
*But Prohibition
perverted that dream.*



Instead of peace, the Government, the Order, and the Syndicate are caught in a three way struggle for power and the purse.



I'm a soldier in this new war.



And this is what a battle looks like.



I NEED TO SPEAK WITH KELVIN.

CARDINAL KELVIN IS... UM... BEGINNING HIS SERMON.

HE... GULP... TAKES CONFESSIONS ON TUESDAYS.



*For the last 20 years,
I've done two to four
Syndicate jobs a day,
7 days a week,
52 weeks a year.*

*Anything from
picking up a
cannon to dropping
a dozen men.*

*As the days became
years, and the years
became decades, there's
been one common thread
that ties it all together.*

*It's always got to
be the hard way.*

KRAASH



Not that I'm complaining, of course.

Business still gets done.



Sure, I end up doing three guys instead of one...

...or fifteen guys instead of five.





But they usually got it coming.

Usually.



*And I know I got a
good thing going.
It don't get any better.*



*The Syndicate puts
food on my table, a
roof over my head,
and broads in my bed.*



*So why do I
sometimes wonder...*

Will it ever...

STOP!



WHILE THE ORDER IS MORE THAN AWARE OF THE *SINS* THAT THE *SYNDICATE* *COMMITTS* BEHIND CLOSED DOORS AND UNDER COVER OF NIGHT, I BELIEVE I SPEAK FOR THE WHOLE CITY WHEN I SAY THAT WE ARE STILL SHOCKED THAT YOUR EMPLOYER WOULD DESECRATE SUNDAY MASS.

YET ANOTHER REASON TO PUT AN *END* TO THE VICES, *LIKE GAMBLING*, THAT FILL YOUR POCKETS.



YOU HAVEN'T KILLED ME YET, SO I ASSUME YOU'RE JUST HERE TO *TALK*.

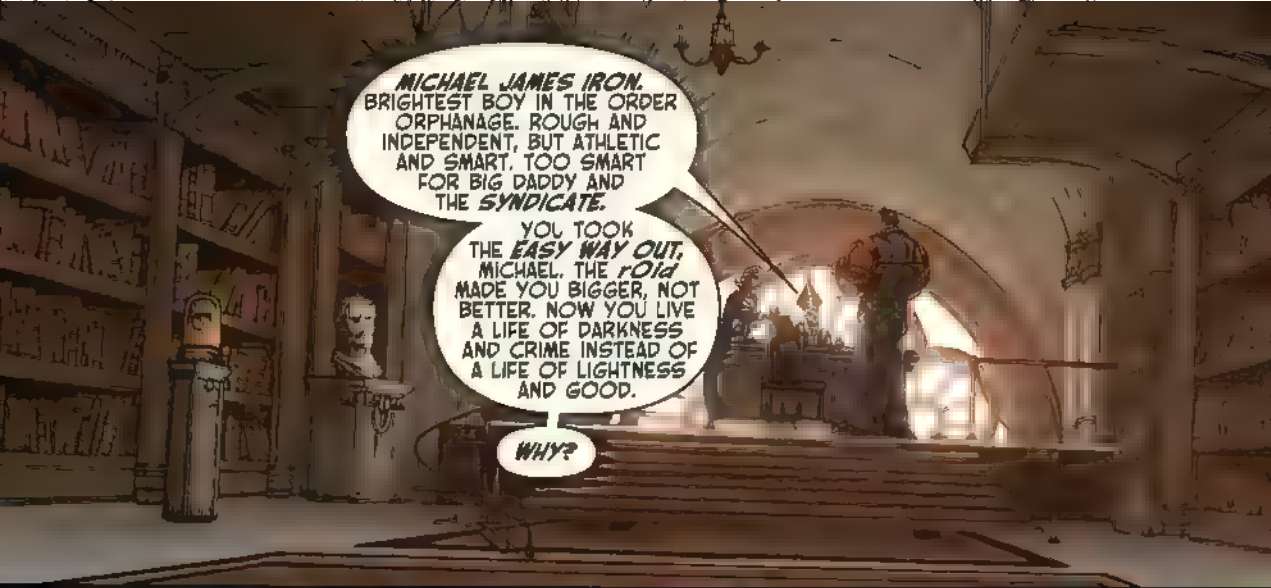


Cardinal Kelvin.

High priest of the Order.

Low life scum.





MICHAEL JAMES IRON.
BRIGHTEST BOY IN THE ORDER
ORPHANAGE. ROUGH AND
INDEPENDENT, BUT ATHLETIC
AND SMART, TOO SMART
FOR BIG DADDY AND
THE **SYNDICATE**.

YOU TOOK
THE **EASY WAY OUT**,
MICHAEL. THE **Old**
MADE YOU BIGGER, NOT
BETTER. NOW YOU LIVE
A LIFE OF DARKNESS
AND CRIME INSTEAD OF
A LIFE OF LIGHTNESS
AND GOOD.

WHY?



BECAUSE I
AM A WOLF, NOT
A SHEEP.

THE **ORDER**
AND ITS 3000
YEAR HISTORY
ARE A WORK OF
PURE FICTION.

YOUR
FICTION.
FOR YOUR
PROFIT.

ONE DAY
YOUR FLOCK
WILL SEE THE
LIGHT.



BAH, MICHAEL,
YOU KNOW
NOTHING OF SHEEP
OR PEOPLE.

I DESIGNED
THE ORDER
SPECIFICALLY TO
SATISFY THEIR
NEEDS.

THEY CARE
MORE ABOUT
THEATRICALS THAN
FACT. THEY CARE
MORE ABOUT
FEELING GOOD
THAN HEARING
THE TRUTH.

THE
SHEEP REMAIN
BLESSEDLY AND
WILLFULLY
BLIND.

THE FLOCK
WILL GROW.



I'M NOT
HERE TO DISCUSS
THEOLOGY.

I'M HERE
TO **DISCUSS**
BUSINESS



GAMBLING
AND **RELIGION**
ARE ONE AND THE
SAME, KELVIN.

ENTERTAINMENT
AND THE HOPE FOR
A BETTER FUTURE IN
EXCHANGE FOR A LITTLE
DOUGH.

I'M NOT
IN A POSITION TO
JUDGE WHICH ONE
IS MORE OR LESS
MORAL.

AND IF THERE
IS A LORD, THEN HE
KNOWS THAT NEITHER
ARE YOU.

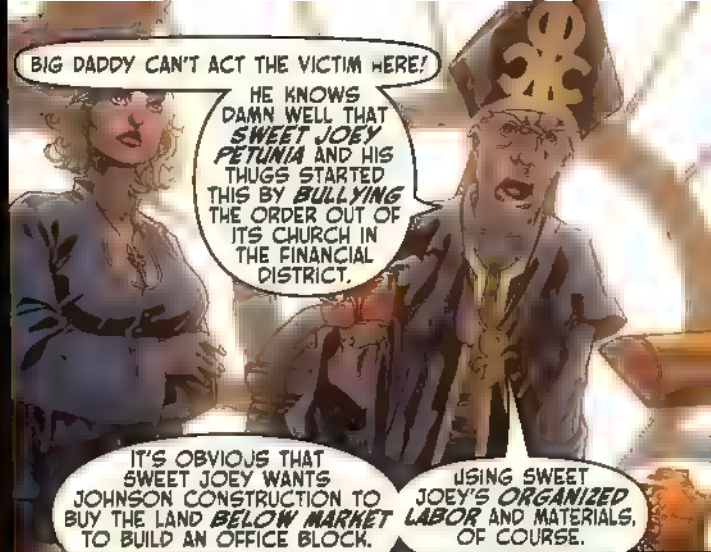


I THOUGHT
WE WERE GOING
TO DISCUSS
BUSINESS...

THE ORDER
DECLARED WAR
ON THE SYNDICATE
WHEN YOU BACKED MAYOR
FLAHERTY AND HIS
ANTI-GAMBLING
PLATFORM.

HE'S SHUT
DOWN THREE
GAMBLING HALLS
SINCE THE ELECTION
AND IS ANGLING
TO CLOSE
MORE.

THE SYNDICATE
DEMANDS THAT
YOU RETURN TO
THOSE MEANINGLESS
"FAITH BASED
INITIATIVES".

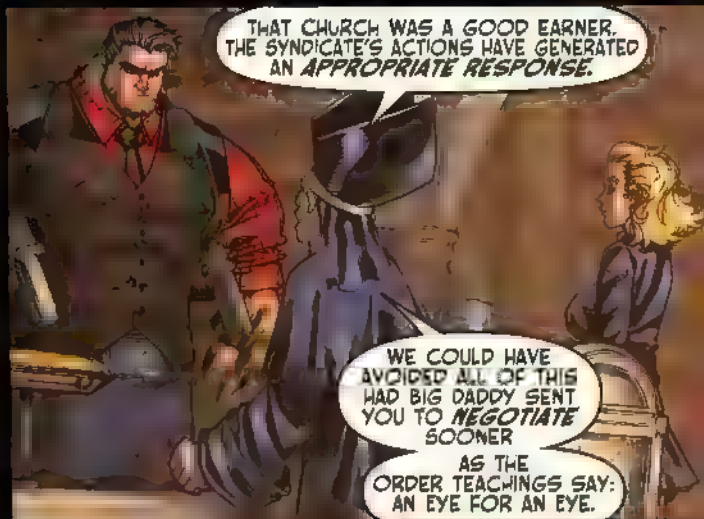


BIG DADDY CAN'T ACT THE VICTIM HERE!

HE KNOWS
DAMN WELL THAT
SWEET JOEY
PETUNIA AND HIS
THUGS STARTED
THIS BY **BULLYING**
THE ORDER OUT OF
ITS CHURCH IN
THE FINANCIAL
DISTRICT.

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT
SWEET JOEY WANTS
JOHNSON CONSTRUCTION TO
BUY THE LAND **BELOW MARKET**
TO BUILD AN OFFICE BLOCK.

USING SWEET
JOEY'S **ORGANIZED**
LABOR AND MATERIALS,
OF COURSE.



THAT CHURCH WAS A GOOD EARNER.
THE SYNDICATE'S ACTIONS HAVE GENERATED
AN **APPROPRIATE RESPONSE**.

WE COULD HAVE
AVOIDED ALL OF THIS
HAD BIG DADDY SENT
YOU TO **NEGOTIATE**
SOONER

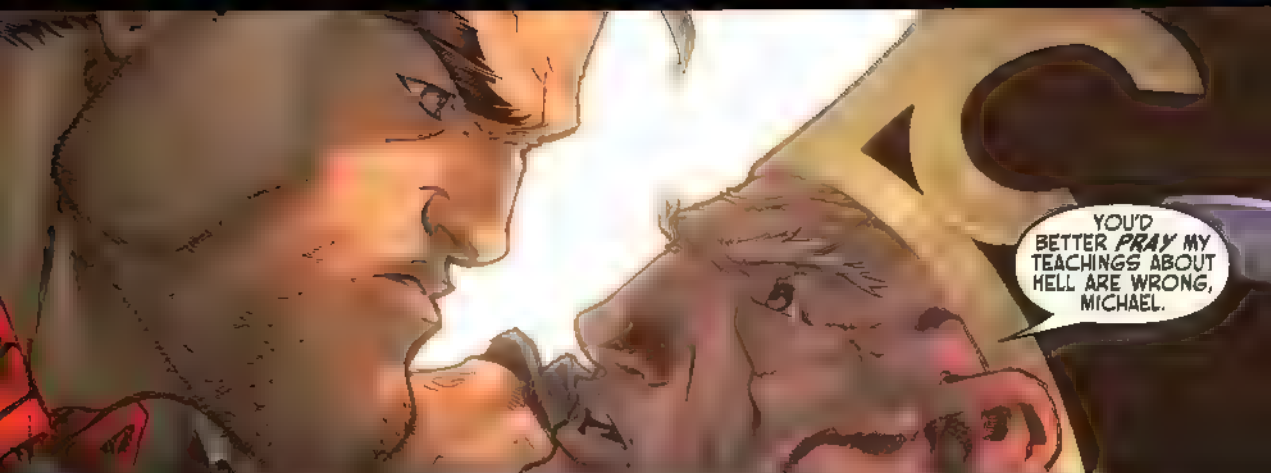
AS THE
ORDER TEACHINGS SAY:
AN EYE FOR AN EYE.



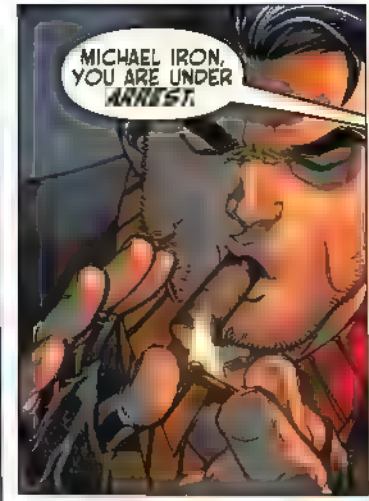
YOU'VE GOT IT ALL **WRONG**.
I WASN'T SENT HERE TO NEGOTIATE.
I WAS SENT HERE TO REMIND
YOU THAT YOU'RE MORTAL.

BIG DADDY
SAYS **NO MORE**
ANTI-GAMBLING
RHETORIC.

IF I HAVE TO COME
BACK, YOU'RE GOING TO
TEST YOUR PREACHINGS ABOUT
THE AFTERLIFE FIRST HAND.



YOU'D
BETTER **PRAY** MY
TEACHINGS ABOUT
HELL ARE **WRONG**,
MICHAEL.



MICHAEL IRON,
YOU ARE UNDER
ARREST.



Detective Manetti.

Mayor Flaherty's
right hand man.

Flaherty must be
left handed.

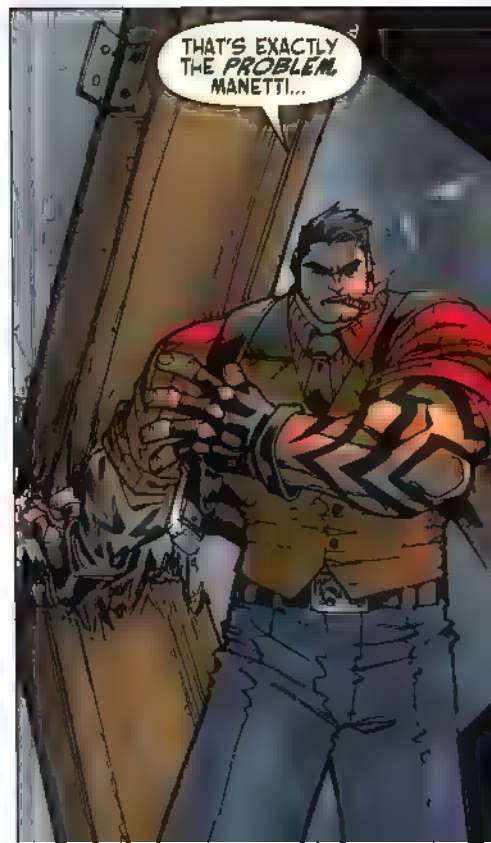
WHAT'S GOT
YOUR PANTIES
IN A BUNCH,
MANETTI?



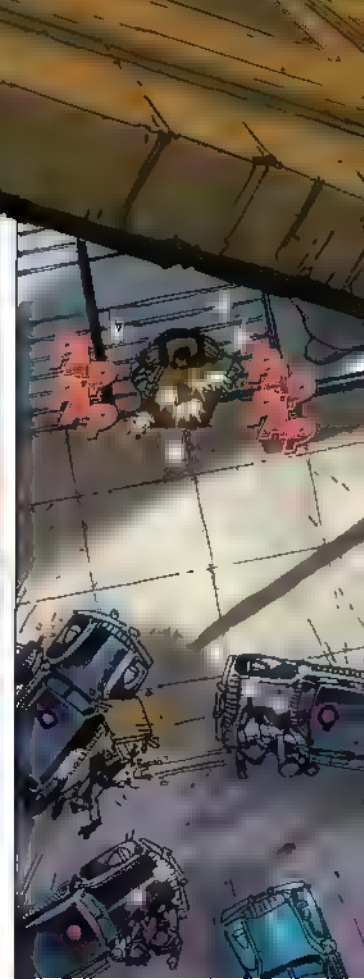
MICHAEL IRON, YOU ARE **WANTED**
FOR **MANSLAUGHTER** AND
INNUMERABLE ADDITIONAL
WARRANTS...

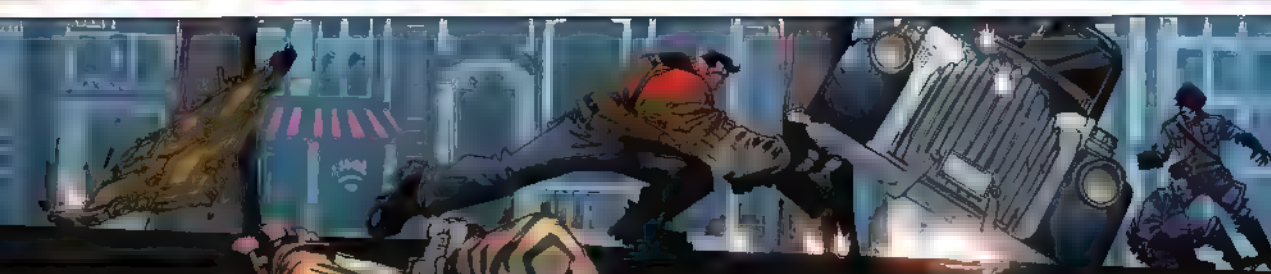
IT'S SUCH
A NICE DAY, AND
NO CIVVIES WERE
HARMED. WHY DON'T
YOU JUST DRIVE
OUT OF HERE
AND **FORGET**
THIS.

LAY DOWN
YOUR WEAPONS.
IT'S EIGHT AGAINST
ONE.

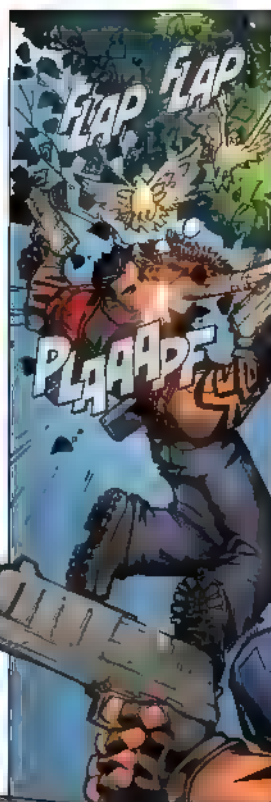
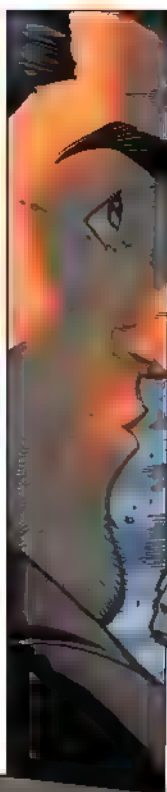
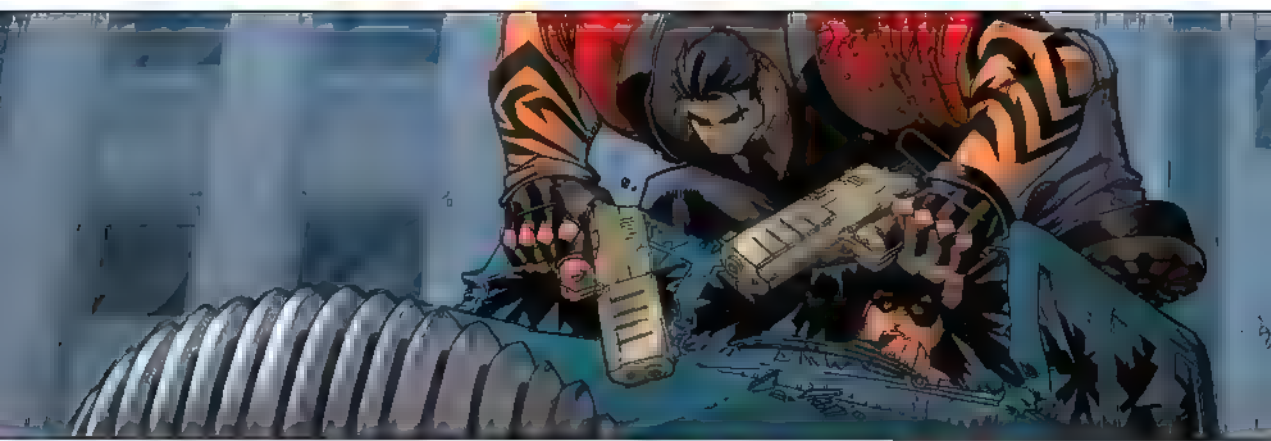


THAT'S EXACTLY
THE **PROBLEM**,
MANETTI...









Big Daddy.

*Slaughtered his way to
the top of the Syndicate.*

*Napoleon had a
Big Daddy complex.*

Oh,
WELL DONE,
WELL DONE.

KELVIN DIDN'T
BUDGE.

YOU
DECLARED WAR
ON CITY HALL.

AND NOW
YOU'RE DRIPPING
BLOOD ON MY
DAMN MINK RUG.

I LOVE YOU
LIKE A SON,
MICHAEL.

BUT REMEMBER,
I'VE RUBBED OUT
TWO OF MY SONS
ALREADY.

YOU MAY
HAVE ZE STRENGTH
AND RESILIENCE OF
FIVE MEN, BUT YOU
AREN'T INVINCIBLE,
MR. IRON.

KELVIN SAYS
THAT AS LONG AS
SWEET JOEY'S BOYS
ARE TIGHTENING
THE SCREWS
ON THE ORDER
HE'S GOING TO
PUSH BACK.

HE'S
WILLING TO
NEGOTIATE.

MY BOYS
AIN'T TIGHTENING
NO...

CLOSE
YOUR HEAD,
JOEY.

CONSTRUCTION
FUMES GOT YOU ALL
JINGLE-BRAINED.
LEAVE THE THINKING
TO ME.



WHAT DO I
LOOK LIKE? SOME
KIND OF GREASER
SHOPKEEP?

**BIG
DADDY DON'T
NEGOTIATE.**

WHAT ABOUT ME
THEN, EH BIG DADDY?

SURE,
I'M SOUTH
A MILLION
IN VIGORISH,
BUT THE
SHORTFALL
AIN'T MY
DOING.

SO LONG AS
FLAHERTY KEEPS
MY GAMBLING HALLS
SHUT, THERE
AIN'T NO BREAD
COMIN' IN.

I BEEN
PAYING FOR
PROTECTION, SO'S
I DEMAND TO BE
MADE WHOLE...

...SO'S I CAN
MAKE YOU WHOLE.

WHO'S IN THE
HOLE TO YOU
DEEPEST?

SOME GINK NAMED
JOHN CHASE.
HE'S INTO ME
ABOUT A MIL.

LAST
TIME I TRIED
TO COLLECT
HE BUSTED UP
MY JOINT AND
KNEECAPPED
THREE OF MY
BEST MEN.

HE'S
EX-SPECIAL OPS
OR SOMETHING.

The Big Book holds
one hundred years of
Syndicate law.

Skip the Lip,
Syndicate
lawyer, writes
the future into
the Big Book
as Big Baddy
dictates.

Only the
head of the
Syndicate
can
unwrite it.

WHEREAS, **LESTER THE JESTER'S** GAMBLING
HALLS ARE **SHORT** TO BIG DADDY ONE MILLION
DOLLARS FOR "JANITORIAL SERVICES".

WHEREAS, **JOHN CHASE OWES**
LESTER THE JESTER ONE MILLION
DOLLARS IN BAD NUMBERS.

NOW THEREFORE,
MICHAEL IRON WILL TAKE
SWEET JOEY, AND
LESTER TO JOHN CHASE TO
COLLECT SAID DEBT...

...MAKING
LESTER THE JESTER
WHOLE...

...SO HE CAN
MAKE BIG DADDY
WHOLE.

BIG DADDY, YOU
KNOW I DON'T LIKE
COMPANY...

SOMEBODY WITH
YOUR **RECENT RECORD**
SHOULDN'T BE PARTICULAR.

YOU DO AS I
SAY AND I MIGHT **FORGET**
YOUR **FAILURE** WITH **KELVIN**
AND **MANETTI**.

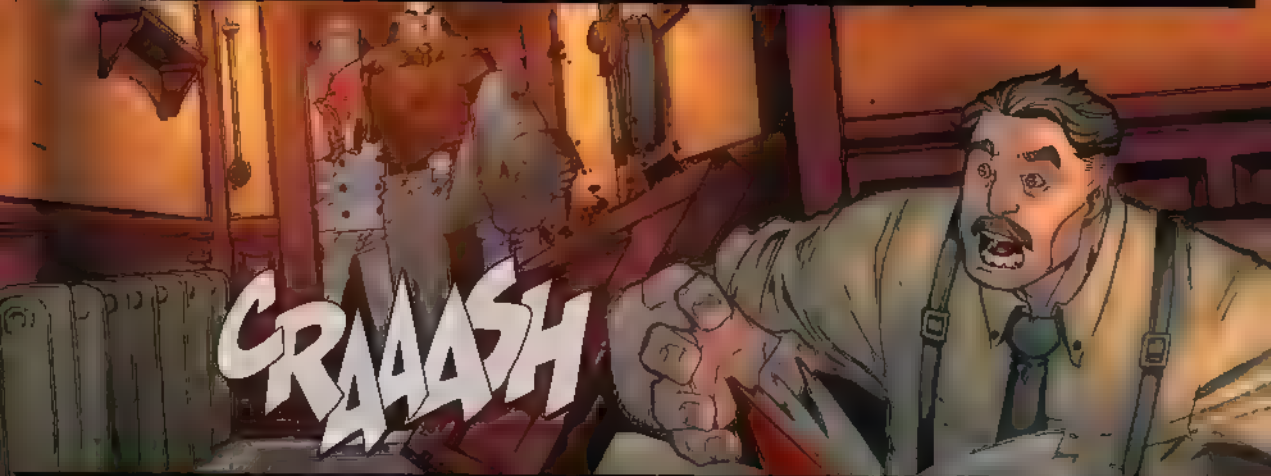
I MIGHT EVEN **FORGET**
THAT YOU RUINED MY RUG.

BUT
IF YOU
FAIL...

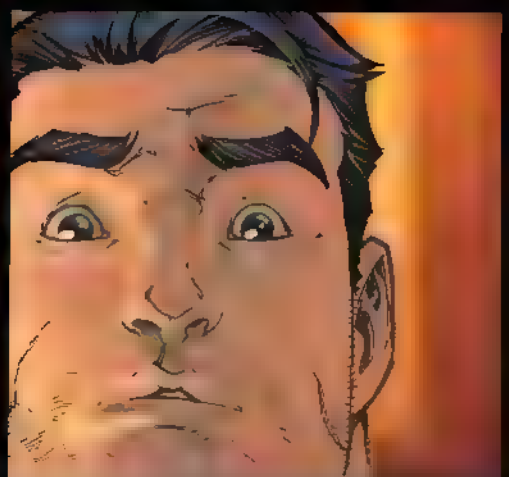
...THIS BIM
IS GOING TO
WEAR YOUR **roid-**
SHRUNK BALLS AS
EARRINGS.



Some jobs make me wish for the excitement of picking up a canoli.



IT'S ALL HERE LESTER.
I WAS GOING TO PAY YOU NEXT WEEK.
I'M THROUGH GAMBLING. IT'S MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.





*The Syndicate mocks
people who live like this.*

*They call
them "IB's".*

*Innocent
Bystanders.*

*They lead boring,
uneventful,
meaningless lives.*

Boring.

Uneventful.

Meaningless.

Lives.



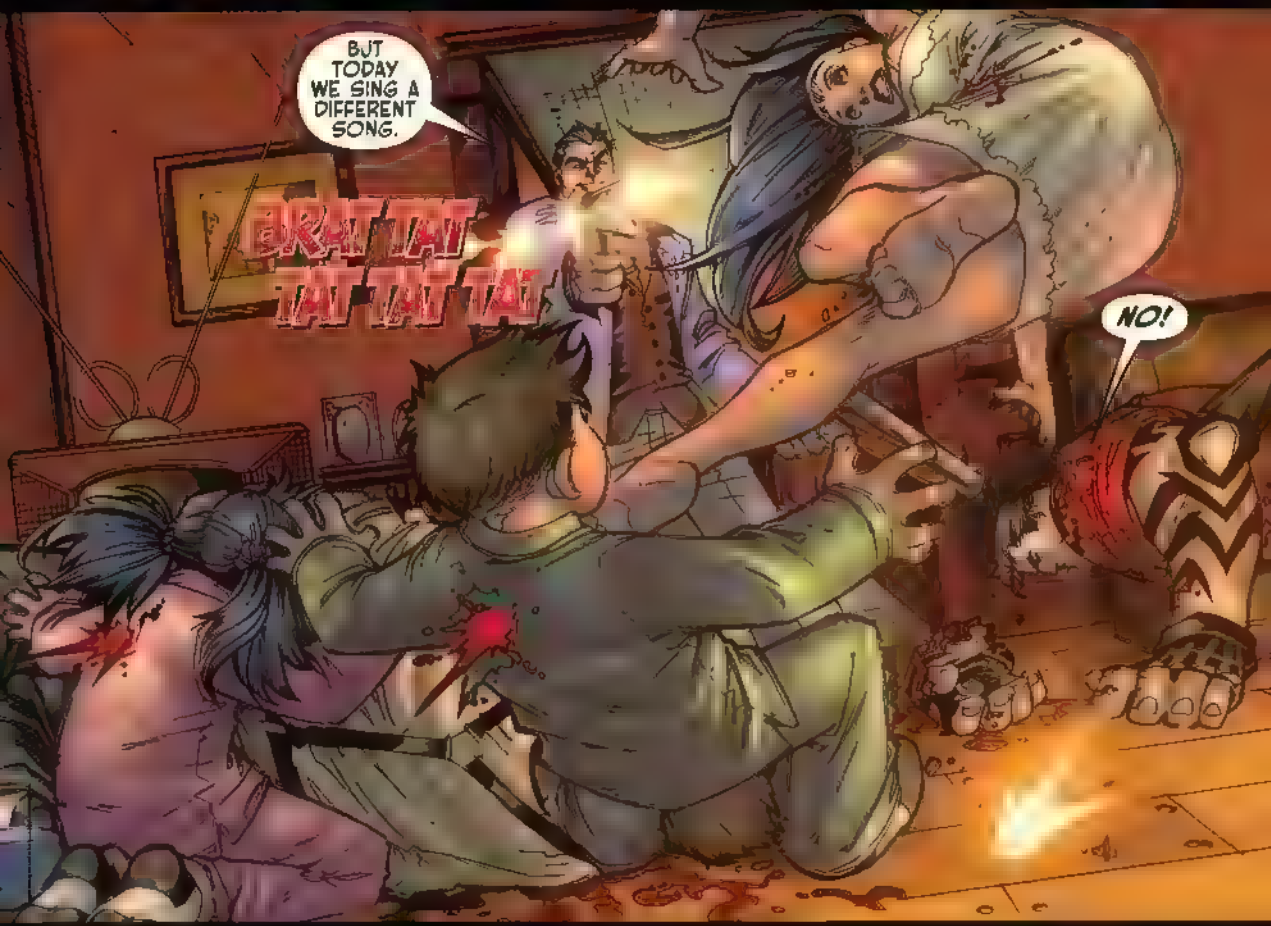
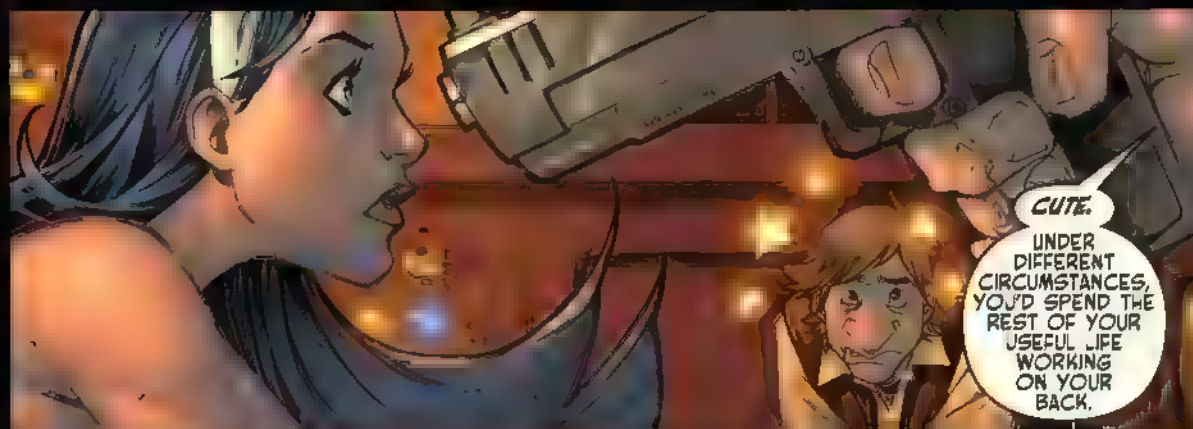
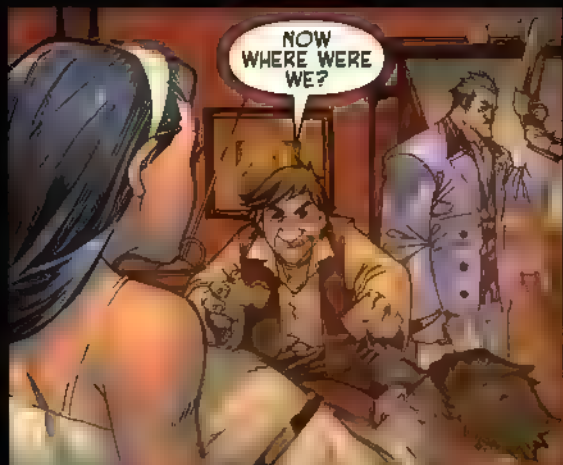
OH
YES IT
IS.

*Sweet
Joey Petunia.*

*Would sell his
sister for a fiver.*

*Come to think of it,
he started her at two and
a half before she knew
what she was doing.*

*I guess I should
have seen it coming.*





SIT
DOWN.
I'LL GET
TO YOU IN A
MOMENT.



WE GOT THE
SCRATCH.
AND WE
DON'T GOTTA
WORRY ABOUT
WITNESSES.



NOW YOU
ARE GETTING
THE IDEA.

BANG



I'M
SORRY BIG
DADDY...



...IRON
WENT NUTS
AND
THREW LEAD AT
EVERYONE...

CLICK



...BUT CHASE
GOT THE DROP
ON HIM WITH A
SHOTGUN.



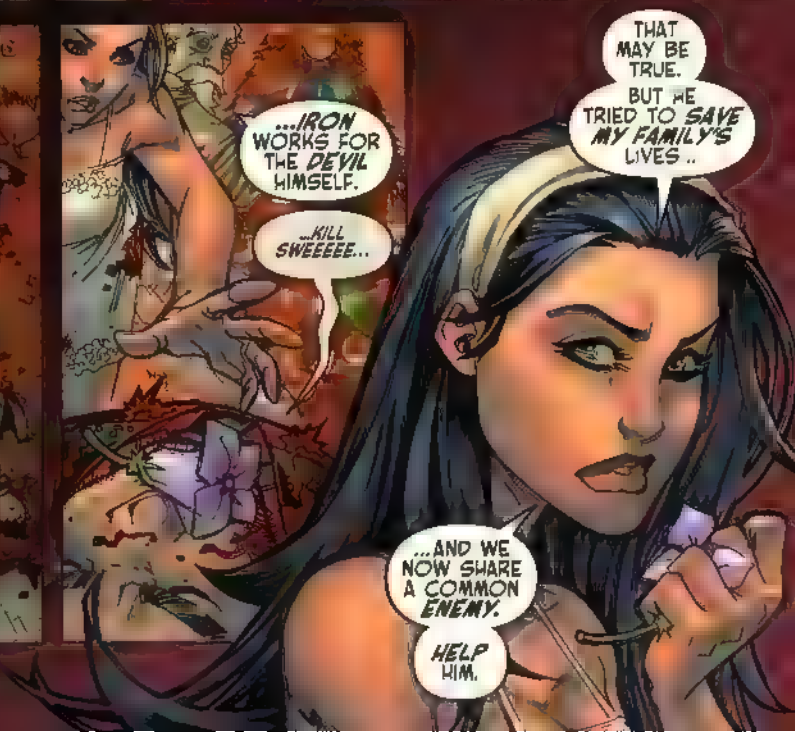
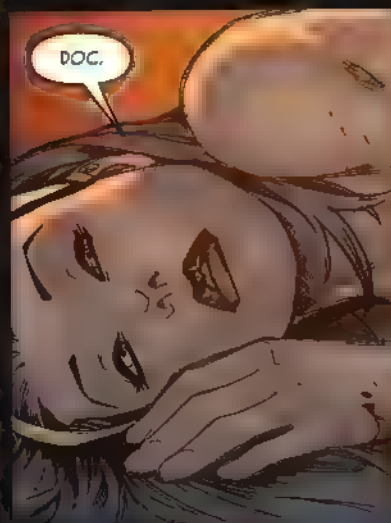
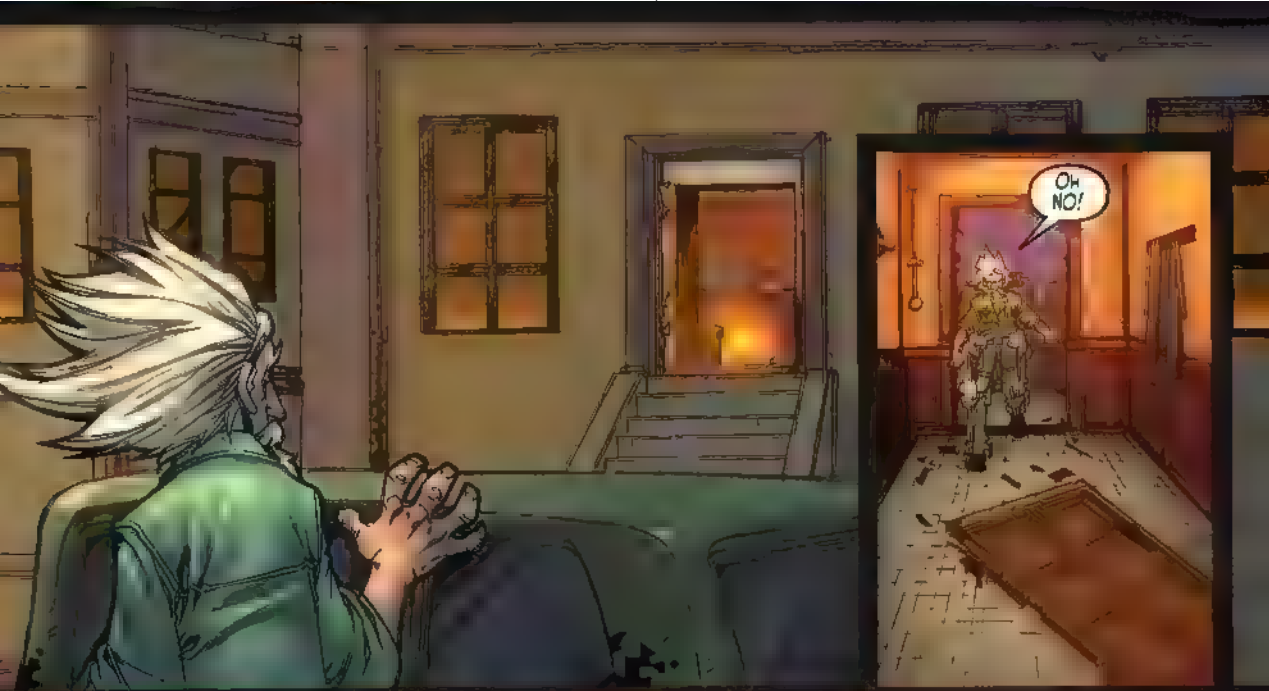
IT WAS A
TOTAL BUST, THE
DOUGH NEVER
SHOWED.

I WAS
LUCKY TO GET
OUT ALIVE!

SCREECH



YOU
GOT NO FUTURE,
MICHAEL IRON







The City Tribune

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 Editors in Chief: Rubin, F. Manager: Story Editor: Joel Gomez Art Editor: J. Malenda J. Madureira Photography Editors: Damiano C. Lichner Layout Supervisors: Comcraft J. Kay Jr. Editor Emeritus: Bill Stollie

FOUR DEAD, TWO MISSING; RESULTS OF A FAILED SYNDICATE HIT; MAYOR FLAHERTY, CARDINAL KELVIN BLAME GAMBLING

ORDER TO CELEBRATE IT'S 3000th BIRTHDAY

CARDINAL KELVIN TOUTS TRIUMPH OF "THE TRUTH"

The Order, the City's largest religious faith is getting ready to celebrate its 3,000th birthday January 16th, 1339 is exactly three millenniums since adherents believe Order founder Sera was first enlightened by "the Truth" and broke away from fellow Buddhist monks to begin walking the earth sharing with others his powerful message.

Thousands of years after the Order believes that Sera, true representative of Sera, known to Catholics as Jesus, to Muslims as Mohammed, and to Jews as Yeshua, came to earth to correct the wrongs of mankind from "the Truth".

The Order believes that Seraphicus, who attends all major Order functions, is the latest descendant of the attempt to teach "the Truth" to mankind.

Although almost nobody knows of the faith before the beginning of the century, and the Order Church, a prominent City monument is less than 20 years old, the Order has managed to convert almost 50 percent of the City's population in only a few short years. As the dominant religion in the City, Cardinal Kelvin is chief minister and signifier of the City's affairs through the will and vote of his adherents.

There are those who question some of the practices of the Order, and of its leader, but the Order has a few reasons (cont. p5)



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 "Rise Above!"



Michael Iron, Syndicate Hitman



Ange Chase, Missing Daughter

Syndicate Hitman Michael Iron Blamed

The City - The Family of John Chase, which resided at 1573 Elm Lane, was practically wiped out by what City Police Officer Detective Sgt. Maurel is describing as a "Syndicate hit gone very bad." Det. Maurel, speaking in this paper, said that an overwhelming evidence that indicated that Michael Iron, The Syndicate's most ruthless muscle, was responsible for the slaughter. Det. Maurel further stated that although Iron had been seriously wounded in the attack, he and Ange Chase, John Chase's 22 year old daughter, are still unaccounted for.

Det. Maurel said that the altercation took place at approximately 8pm last night leaving John Chase, daughter Sally, John Jr. and local gambling hall owner Lester "The Jester" Vincenza dead at the scene. All of the Victims died of gunshot wounds. Guns with fingerprints that match those on file for Michael Iron were found at the scene.

Chase: A Heroes Defense

According to Maurel, John Chase a decorated war hero who protected Section 67b during the war did not go down easily. Aesthetics to this fact was he severed arm of Mr. Iron found at the scene along with the body of Vincenza. "He died a hero," Maurel said adding that nobody had ever gotten the best of Iron before.

Purpose of Hit a Mystery

No reason for the horrible slaughter has been given. Some have speculated that Vincenza's presence indicates a gambling connection.

Vincenza's reputed owner of a gambling hall in the City, the City Police Department is currently investigating the matter.

Flaherty said the City had placed gambling at the top of their agenda.

When asked for commentary Flaherty said he thought he would not get into police matters, his type of business often falls in gambling's evil shadow. He reiterated that the best way to fight gambling was to educate citizens about the dangers, and gave credit to Cardinal Kelvin for his "Send Gambling to Hell" education program.

Cardinal Kelvin, contacted to comment on this story, would only say that "the Lord punishes those that stand in the way of the Truth."

Whereabouts Unknown

Det. Maurel said that there is no indication of the whereabouts of Ange Chase or Michael Iron, and that he fears for Ange's safety. Maurel said that the City Police Force would use every means in its disposal to find Ange and bring Iron to justice. He asks citizens to report any leads to City Hall.

Ange Chase, described as a beautiful, 22 year old brunette with long flowing hair. She was a beloved daughter of a movie star and an accomplished martial artist. Chase is a senior at City College earning a degree in Government and had been working as an intern in the Mayor's Office. Neither the police nor the Mayor's Office drew a connection between the slaughter and the internship. Mayor Flaherty commented that Ange was a bright and talented young girl, and that her absence would be a great tragedy for his office. Recently, she had been working on organizing the City's records (cont. p8).

"rOids" RAVAGE CITY YOUTH

Section 67b Technology Questioned By Study

A recent City University study shows that the rOid, an advanced steroid developed by Section 67b scientist Wolfgang VonStrutting during the war, is being increasingly used by the young.

The study shows that the youth of The City report that they can readily procure the power potency cycles from dealers commonly known to be in the vicinity of the City's Section 67b. Furthermore, interviews of over five hundred 16-17 year olds reveal that the use of rOids is increasing.

Petunia Lord Nucky Jackie the Ox, and others is a prime motivator for rOid use and abuse.

Mayor Flaherty called the report "shocking."

Understanding The rOid

The term "rOid" has been applied to a variety of chemical and biological compounds that when taken properly, greatly enhance certain aspects of human capability. The most common use of the rOid is increasing strength and resilience, but great speed enhancement is also possible.

Due to the inherent tradeoff between mass and speed, a decision must be made between the two possible enhancement paths. Thus the City now has individuals that are either faster or stronger than any human has ever been.

Regardless of whether an individual chooses to increase the speed or strength, they will also experience a large increase in stamina and resilience from rOid use. This increased vitality has been named as the substantial rise in the number of innocent bystanders injured by crime in the past decade, a supposed result of longer fights, more bullets fired, and the difficulty of ending any altercation quickly.

The fact that many members of the City Police force are suspected of low level rOid use is comforting to few, especially in light of this study.

Dangers Of rOid Use

Not everybody can use the rOid, however, and dire complications often arise when the majority of the population that doesn't have a certain DNA strain, or are otherwise incapable of handling the physical stresses, attempt use. This is one of the major dangers of youth experimentation. Without proper pre-screening, these children face permanent disability or death from even a single cycle. Even successful rOid use has its dangers, however.

Tests have been inconclusive in (cont. p23)



Written by: **Jason Rubin**, Penciled by: **Francis Manapul** with **Joel Gomez**

Colored by: **Danimation**, Lettered by: **Comicaft**

Edited by: **Jason Kay**, Character Designs by: **Joe Madureira & Jeff Matsuda**

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Color Designs by: **Chris Lichtner**

Original edition Book Design and Production by: **Mark Roslan**



WE SHOULD
HAVE LEFT THIS
MAN TO DIE.

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT HE
HAS DONE.

WE HAVE
NOTHING BUT
TIME.

TELL
ME.

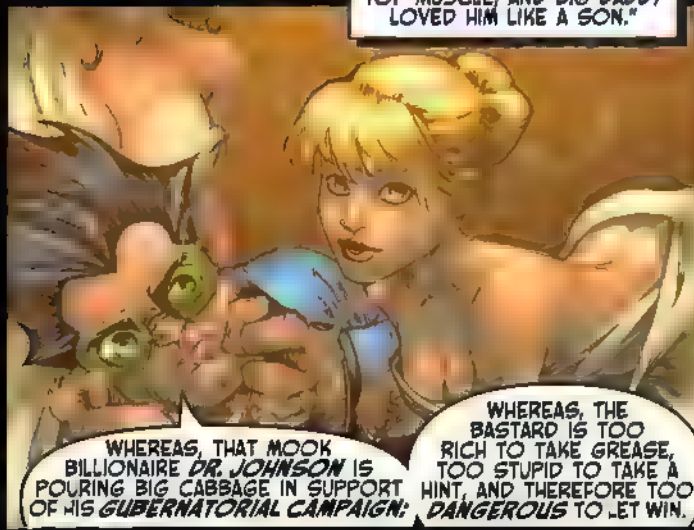
"I'VE SEEN FIRSTHAND WHAT MICHAEL
IRON IS CAPABLE OF DOING."



BIG DADDY,
ZE *roid* 4.0 IZ
SUCCESSFUL.
I INTRODUCZ ZE
STRONGEST
MOST RESILIENT
MAN IN
HIZTORY.

CONGRATULATIONS,
VONSCRUNTING. I
KNOW JUST HOW TO
TEST HIM OUT.

"IRON WAS THE SYNDICATE'S
TOP MUSCLE, AND BIG DADDY
LOVED HIM LIKE A SON."



WHEREAS, THAT MOOK
BILLIONAIRE DR. JOHNSON IS
POURING BIG CABBAGE IN SUPPORT
OF HIS GUBERNATORIAL CAMPAIGN;

WHEREAS, THE
BASTARD IS TOO
RICH TO TAKE GREASE,
TOO STUPID TO TAKE A
HINT, AND THEREFORE TOO
DANGEROUS TO LET WIN.



NOW THEREFORE, MICHAEL IRON WILL
DELIVER DR. JOHNSON A MESSAGE:
THE SYNDICATE DOES NOT
ENDORSE HIS CANDIDACY.

AND WE'RE
GOING TO TELL HIM
THE MESSAGE IS
COMING.

"LIKE A PROUD FATHER, BIG
DADDY LIKED TO BRAG ABOUT
HIS SON'S ABILITIES."

"HE WAS CONVINCED THAT MICHAEL
IRON WAS UNSTOPPABLE."

SAVE
ME A SEAT
AT GIUSEPPE'S.
THIS SHOULDN'T
TAKE LONG.



"EVENTS WOULD
PROVE HIM RIGHT."

"DURING THE WAR, DR. JOHNSON, DR. VONSCRUNTING, AND I WERE PART OF A SEVEN SCIENTIST SUPER SOLDIER PROJECT CALLED SECTION 67B. ALTHOUGH THE WAR ENDED BEFORE WE COMPLETED OUR MISSION, OUR TECHNOLOGY FOREVER CHANGED THE WORLD."

"DR. JOHNSON PARLAYED HIS WARTIME CHEMISTRY EXPERIMENTS INTO A MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR EMPIRE CALLED JOHNSON PRODUCTS."

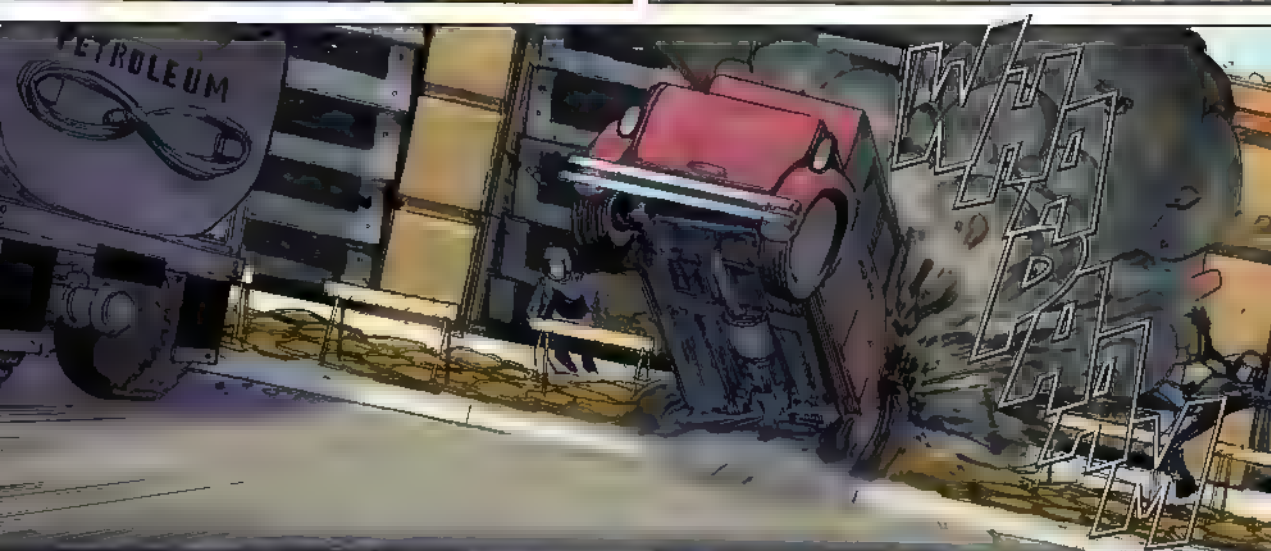
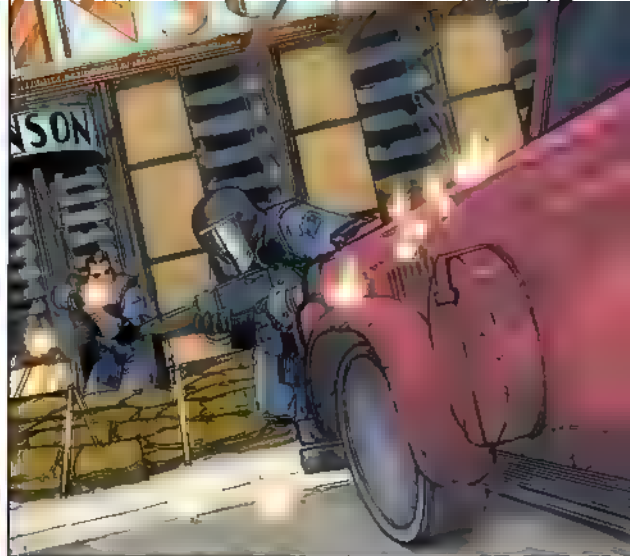
"IN RESPONSE TO BIG DADDY'S THREAT, JOHNSON PLACED QUITE A DEFENSE SQUAD IN FRONT OF HIS HEADQUARTERS."

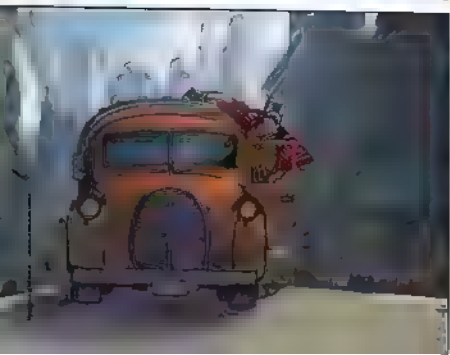
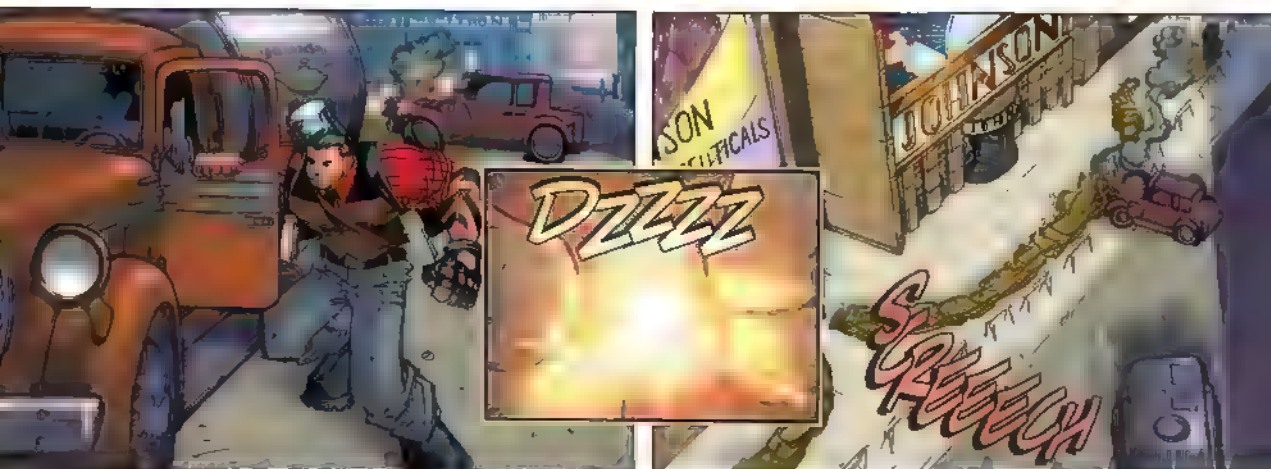
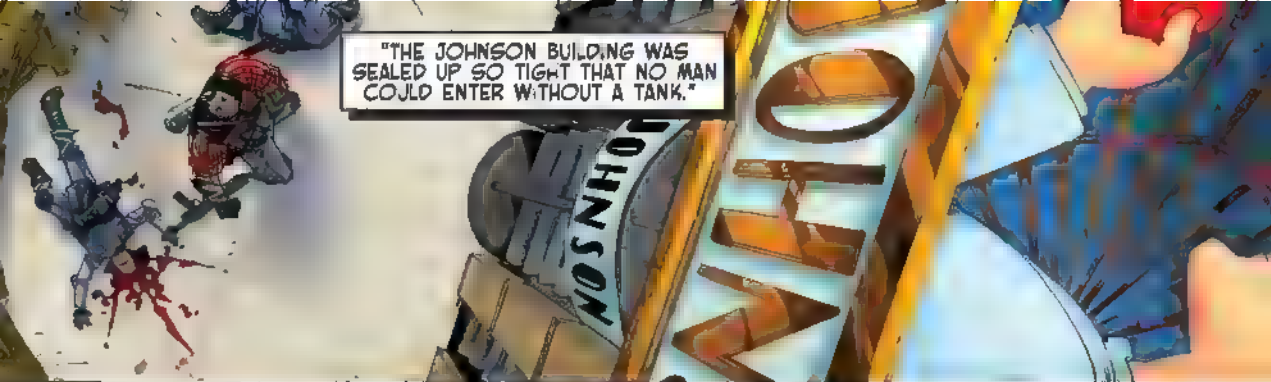
EYES OPEN, BOYS.

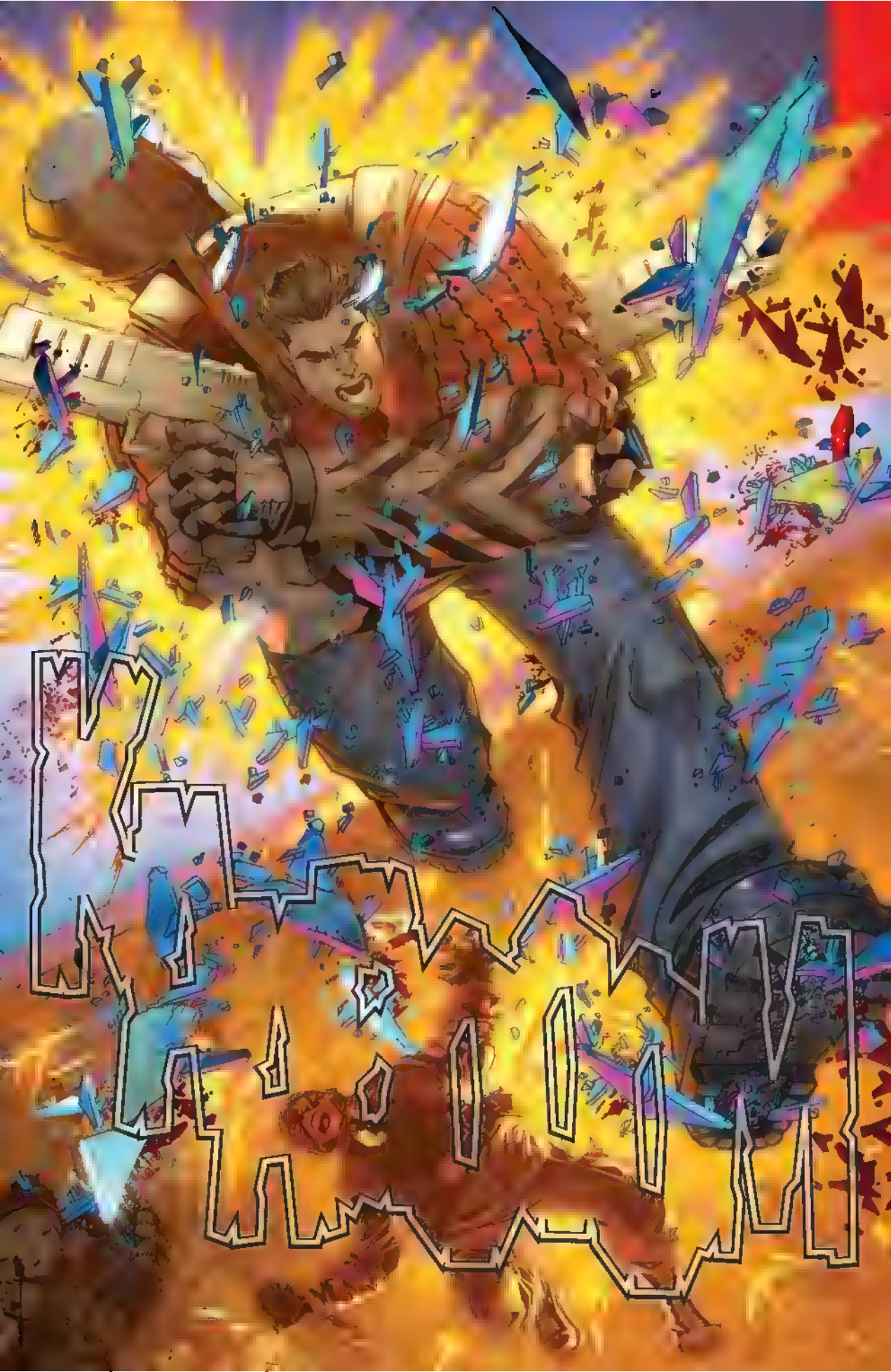
"THE GUARDS, ENTRENCHED AND ALERT, WERE PUMPED FULL OF LESSER CYCLES OF VONSCRUNTING'S YOD AND ARMED WITH ASSAULT WEAPONS REGRETTABLY OF MY DESIGN."

"JOHNSON HAD PREPARED FOR AN ASSAULT BY A SMALL ARMY."

KROOM







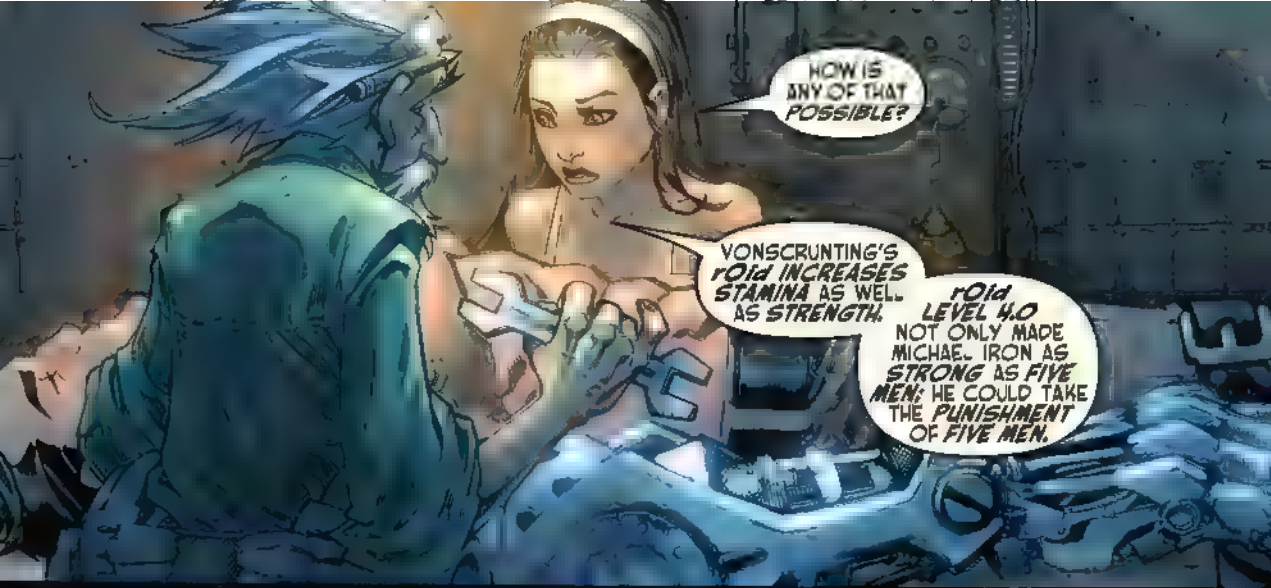


BRAT TAT TAT TAT



BRAT TAT TAT TAT





HOW IS ANY OF THAT POSSIBLE?

VONSCRUNTING'S **roid** INCREASES STAMINA AS WELL AS STRENGTH.

roid LEVEL 4.0 NOT ONLY MADE MICHAEL IRON AS STRONG AS FIVE MEN; HE COULD TAKE THE PUNISHMENT OF FIVE MEN.



"DR. JOHNSON HAD THE BEST SECURITY THAT MONEY COULD BUY."



"RETIRED SPECIAL OPS TEAMS FROM THE WAR. CRACK TROOPS IN THEIR PRIME. ARMED TO THE GILLS."

DING



SMASH

"THEY BARELY SLOWED HIM DOWN."



CONGRATULATIONS,
MR. IRON.

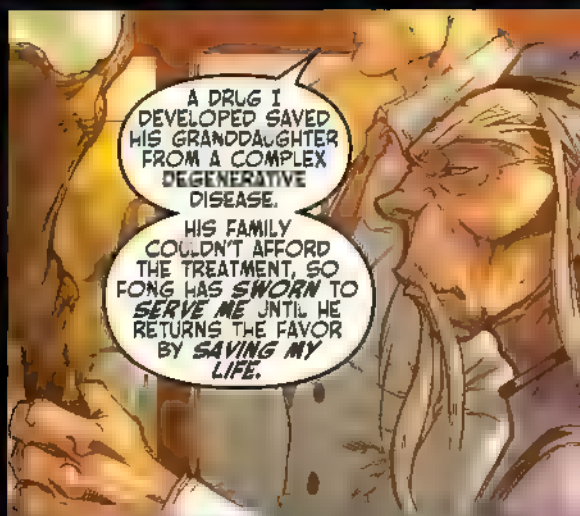
IT SEEMS
MY **SECTION 67B**
COLLEAGUES
FULFILLED OUR WARTIME
GOAL OF CREATING
THE **PERFECT**
SOLDIER.



BUT ALTHOUGH I NOW
SPEND MY TIME PURSUING
MORE PEACEFUL, AND MORE
PROFITABLE, PURSUITS, I AM
NOT HELPLESS.

I'D LIKE
TO INTRODUCE
MR. FONG.

QUIET
POSSIBLY THE
SINGLE **DEADLIEST**
MAN ON THE
PLANET.



A DRUG I
DEVELOPED SAVED
HIS GRANDDAUGHTER
FROM A COMPLEX
DEGENERATIVE
DISEASE.

HIS FAMILY
COULDN'T AFFORD
THE TREATMENT, SO
FONG HAS **SWORN** TO
SERVE ME UNTIL HE
RETURNS THE FAVOR
BY **SAVING MY**
LIFE.

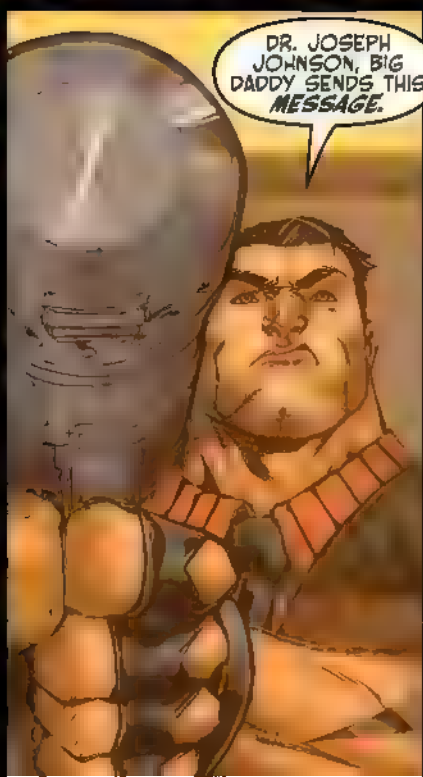


I KNOW
MR. FONG.

HE **TRAINED**
MY FATHER IN
THE SPECIAL
FORCES.

THEY SAY HE
COULD **DEFEAT** A
SQUAD OF **ARMED**
SOLDIERS EVEN
THOUGH HE IS IN
HIS EIGHTIES.

IRON
COULDN'T HAVE
DEFEATED FONG,
COULD HE?

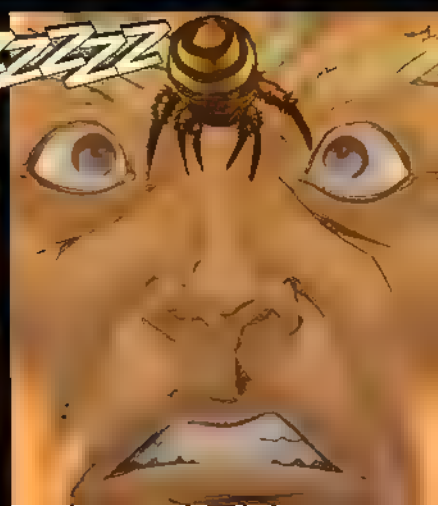


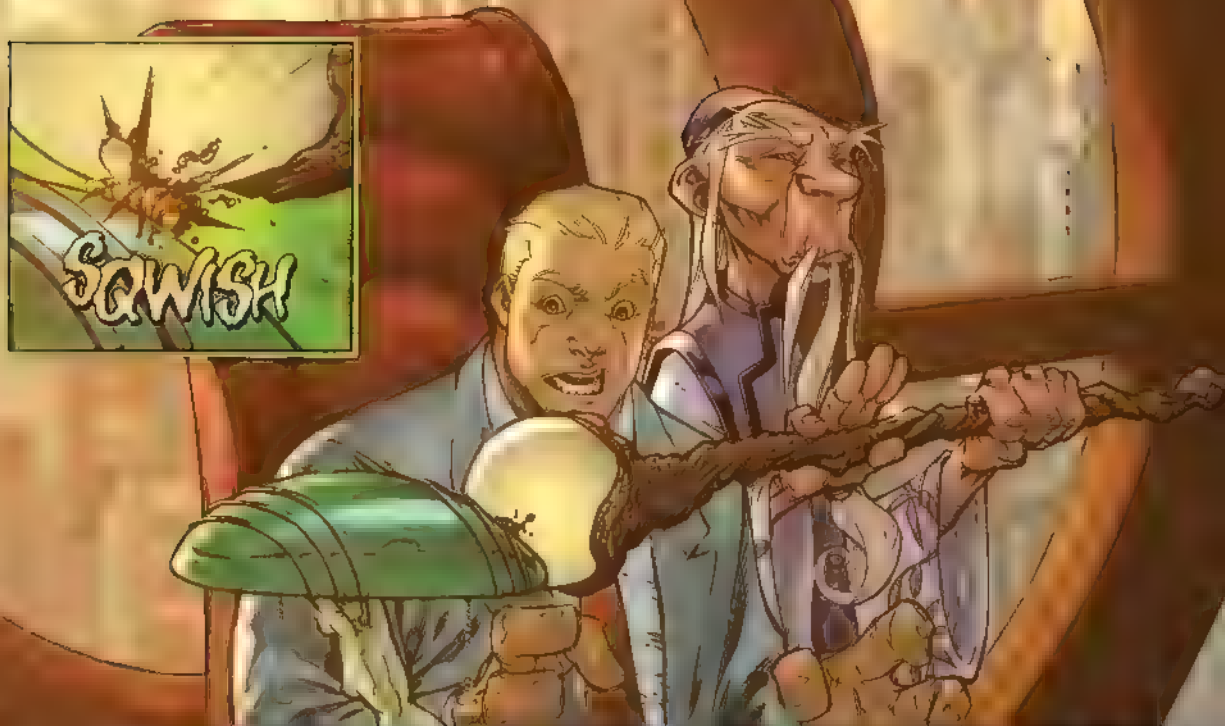
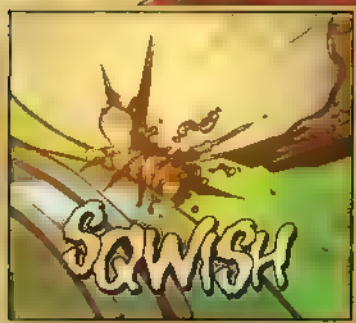
DR. JOSEPH
JOHNSON, BIG
DADDY SENDS THIS
MESSAGE.



A **ROCKET**
LAUNCHER?

HEH, HE
MIGHT HAVE
TRIED THE
PHONE.





"YOU TOO BEWARE THE MAN OF FLOWERS."



"DR. JOHNSON PUBLICLY ANNOUNCED
HIS DECISION NOT TO PURSUE THE
OFFICE OF GOVERNOR THE NEXT DAY."

"WE DID SO
BY RADIO."

YOU CAN
RUN, BUT
YOU CAN'T
HIDE
-BIG DADDY-

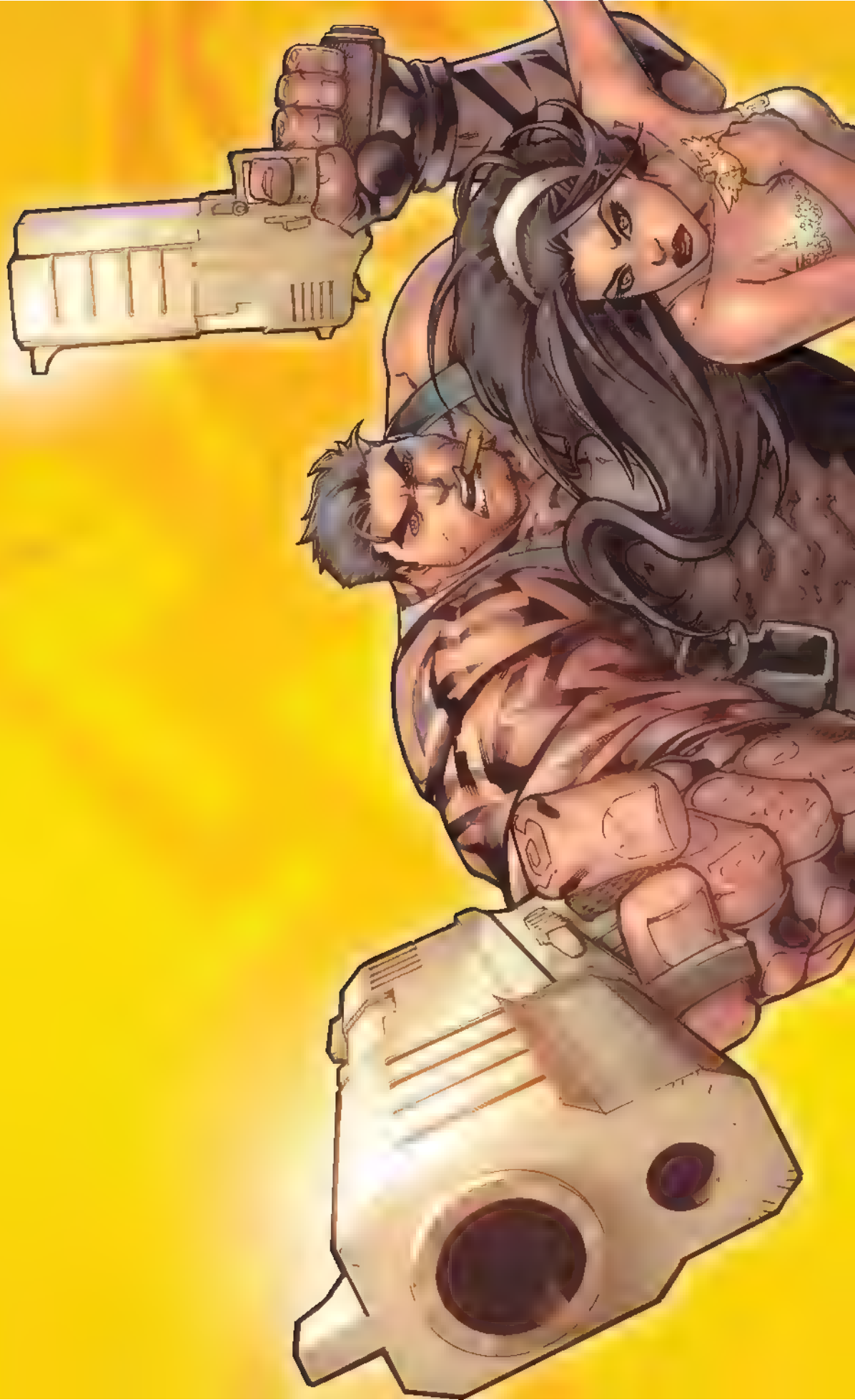
MM
MM
MM
FFF

SO, TELL
ME ANGEL, DO
YOU STILL WANT
TO **SAVE THIS
DEMON?**

REGARDLESS
OF HIS **PAST**, DOC,
HE'S IN THIS BED
BECAUSE HE WAS
BETRAYED BY THE
SYNDICATE.

IF YOU'RE
GOING TO **FIGHT**
HELL'S ARMY, IT
HELPS TO HAVE
A **DEVIL** ON
YOUR SIDE.

I CAN'T
PREDICT THE **FUTURE**,
BUT I AM SURE OF ONE
THING. WHAT WE HAVE
IN FRONT OF US WILL
MAKE THE **JOHNSON
ROSE MASSACRE** LOOK
LIKE A **SCHOOLYARD
BRAWL**.





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*Few things are certain
in the City, but one
thing never changes.*

*Time slowly
slips away.*

*Whether you are
conscious of it...*



...or unconscious.



WHERE
AM I?
AND
WHAT THE HELL
HAPPENED?

St. Peter would have to be on the take for me to get within pissing distance of Heaven.

On the flip side, The Order's nuns sure didn't teach that an Angel's kiss awakens the damned in Hell.

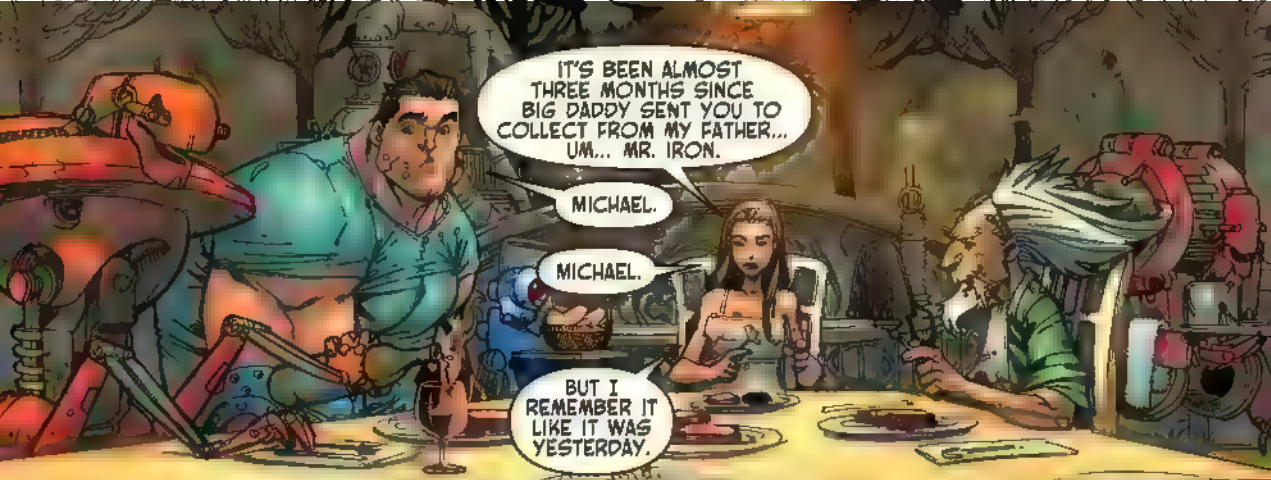
So I must be alive and somewhere in the City.

That settles it then...

WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE!

I AM IN HELL.



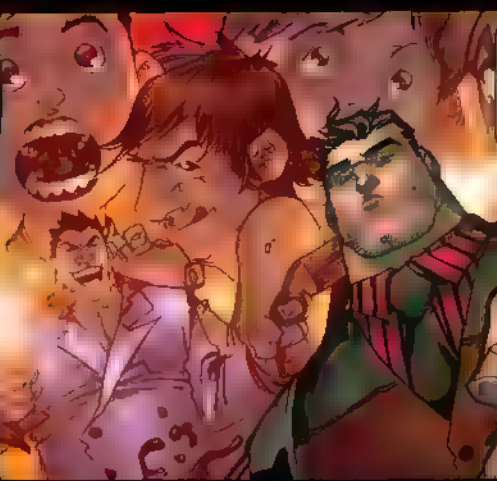
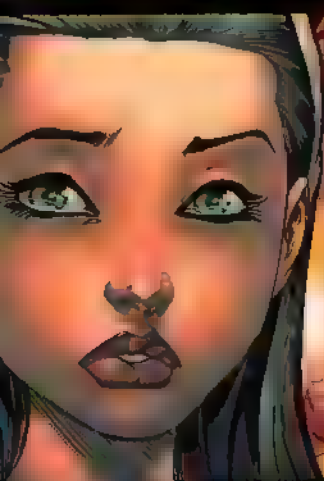


IT'S BEEN ALMOST
THREE MONTHS SINCE
BIG DADDY SENT YOU TO
COLLECT FROM MY FATHER...
UM... MR. IRON.

MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

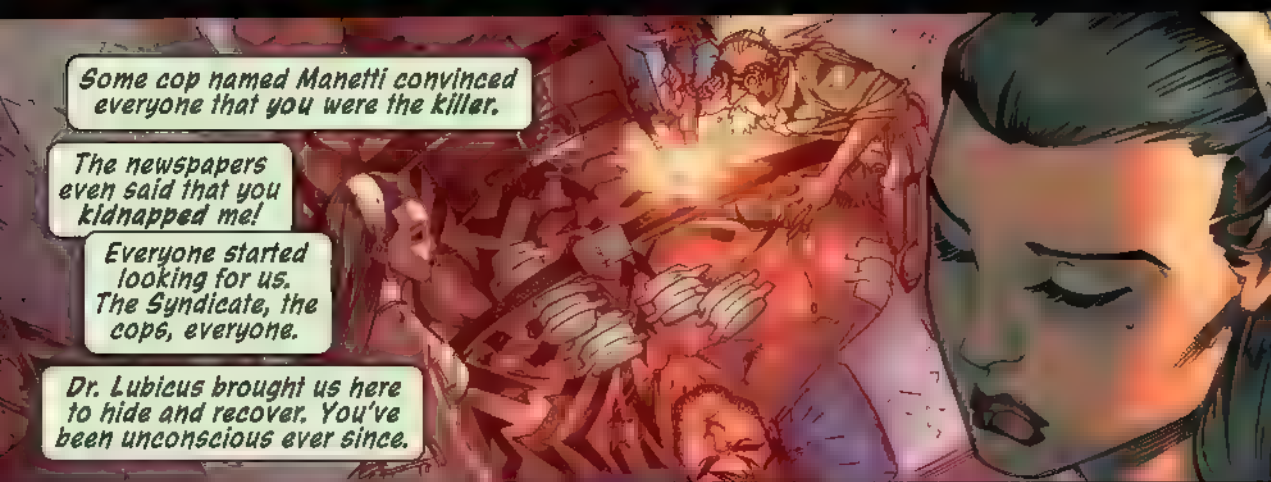
BUT I
REMEMBER IT
LIKE IT WAS
YESTERDAY.



You, Joey Petunia, and that
Lester creep burst into our
house. Something to do with
Daddy's gambling, I assume?

Anyway, Joey Petunia went
nuts, shot everyone, and
stole my father's money.

You tried to save
us... though I still
don't know why.

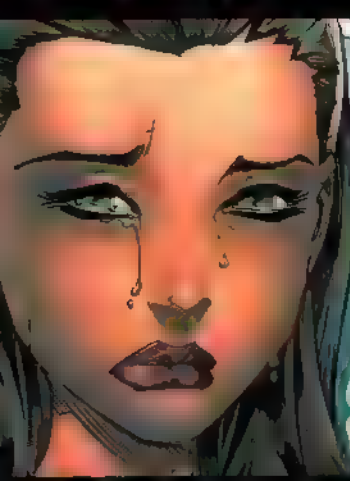


Some cop named Mahetti convinced
everyone that you were the killer.

The newspapers
even said that you
kidnapped me!

Everyone started
looking for us.
The Syndicate, the
cops, everyone.

Dr. Lubicus brought us here
to hide and recover. You've
been unconscious ever since.

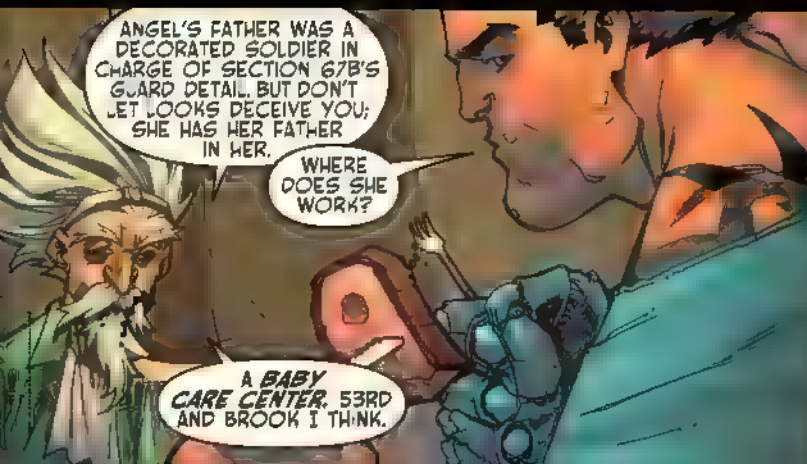
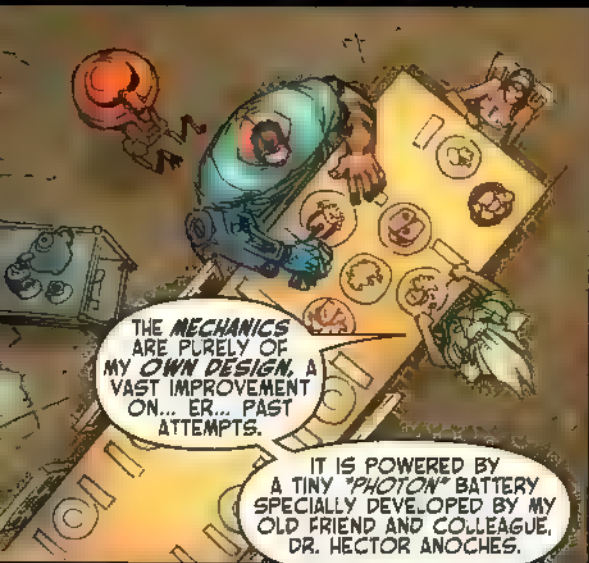
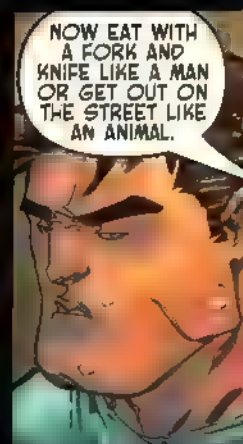
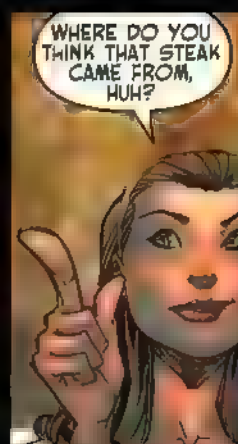
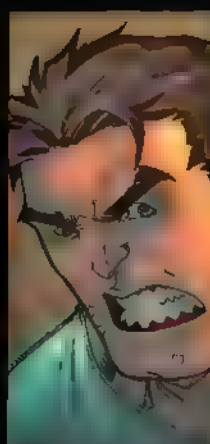
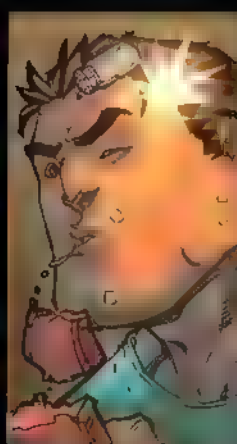


There's nothing in the City
but suffering and death.

Just before I lost my
family I saw an ad with a
beautiful house in the country
surrounded by a white picket
fence and cows grazing
endless green fields.

It got me
thinking...

...there
has to be a
better place.





Lubicus was right,
this used to be
the best day care
center in the City.

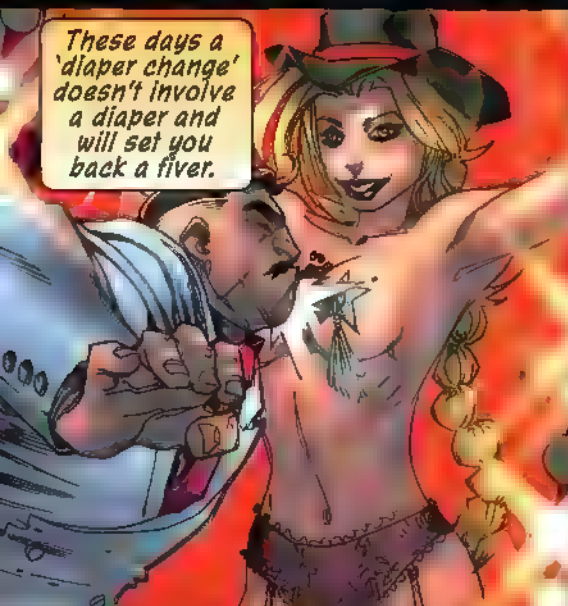
The Syndicate got
someone inside,
created a little
scandal, and shut
the operation down.

We snapped
the space up
for a song.

Two months later with the signage mostly unchanged, the Baby Care was open for business.



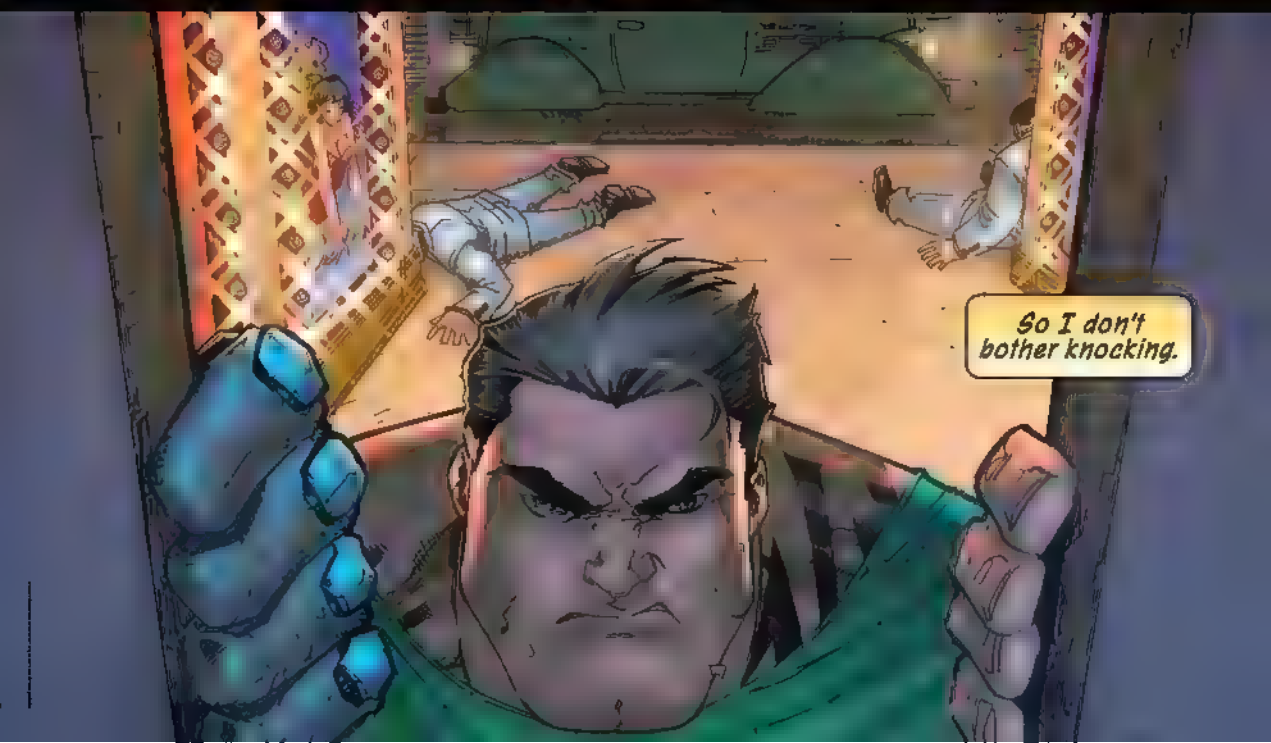
These days a 'diaper change' doesn't involve a diaper and will set you back a fiver.

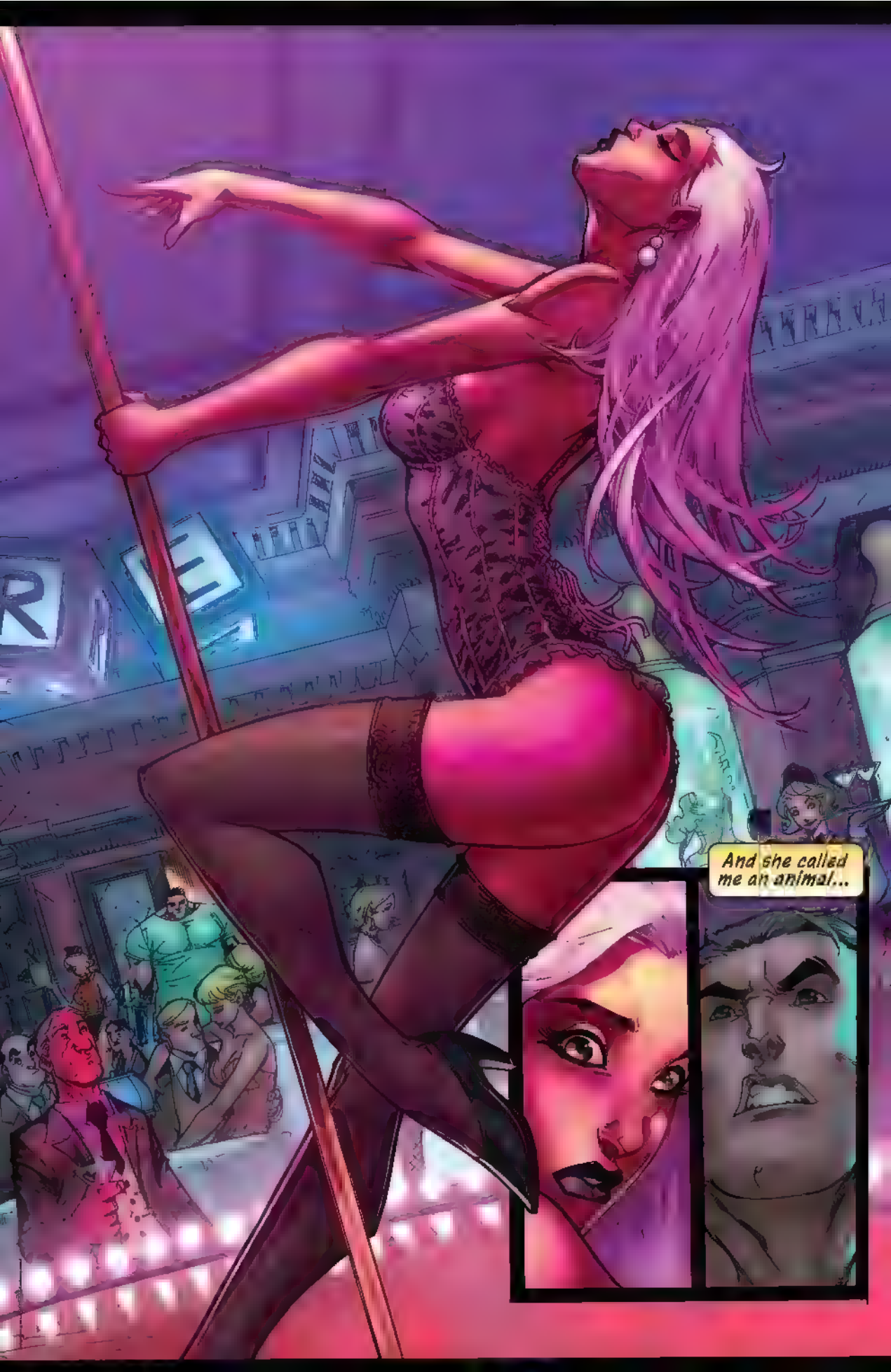


I set up the security system when I managed the club. The mooks inside know I am here the moment I step to the curb.

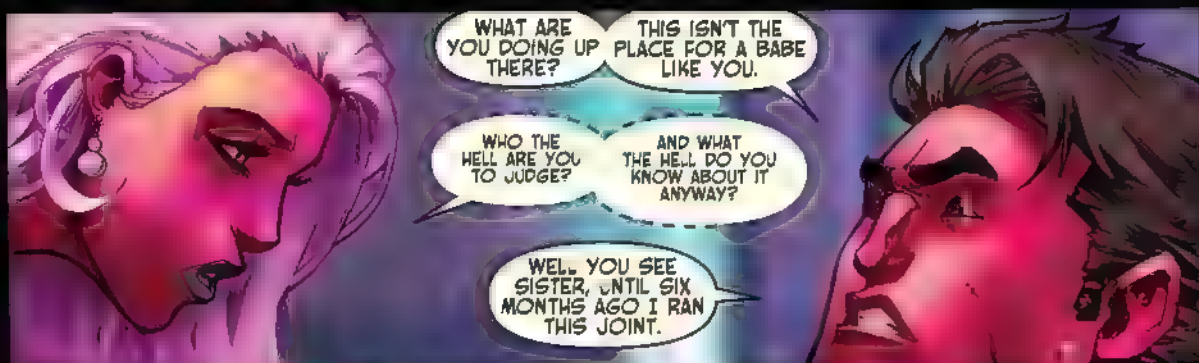


So I don't bother knocking.





And she called
me an animal...



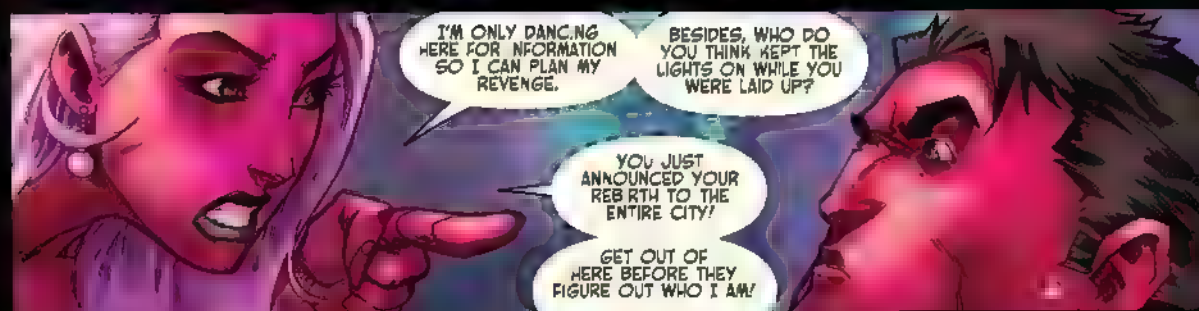
WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?

THIS ISN'T THE PLACE FOR A BABE LIKE YOU.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU TO JUDGE?

AND WHAT THE HELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT ANYWAY?

WELL, YOU SEE SISTER, UNTIL SIX MONTHS AGO I RAN THIS JOINT.



I'M ONLY DANCING HERE FOR INFORMATION SO I CAN PLAN MY REVENGE.

BESIDES, WHO DO YOU THINK KEPT THE LIGHTS ON WHILE YOU WERE LAID UP?

YOU JUST ANNOUNCED YOUR REBIRTH TO THE ENTIRE CITY!

GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY FIGURE OUT WHO I AM!



THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GONNA FIND OUT FLASHING YOUR GAMS AROUND HERE IS WHAT AN HOMRE EXPECTS FOR A SAWBACK.

YOU WANT INFORMATION?

YOU WANT REVENGE?

YOU GO DIRECTLY TO THE MAN.



WHERE'S JADE?

I... I DON'T KNOW WHO...



...OF FRICKIN' COURSE I'M SURE IT WAS HIM!

I GOT NO FRICKIN' CLUE WHY HE WAS HERE... HE WAS MOUTHING OFF ABOUT SOME BIM NAMED 'JADE'.

WHOEVER HE'S AFTER BETTER HOPE HE DOESN'T FIND THEM!



Giuseppe's.

At lunch it's the best Italian in the city.

At dinner it's no reservations, no walk-ins, not open to the public.

CRUNCH



SCRAM OUT:
THE BOYS AND
I DON'T WANT
NO BUSINESS
WITH YOU.

YOU KNOW
DAMN WELL **BIG
DADDY** DON'T
BUMP GUMS
WHILE HE'S
EATIN' ZITI.

CLINK

CLINK

CLINK

CLINK

Chain Gang Charley.

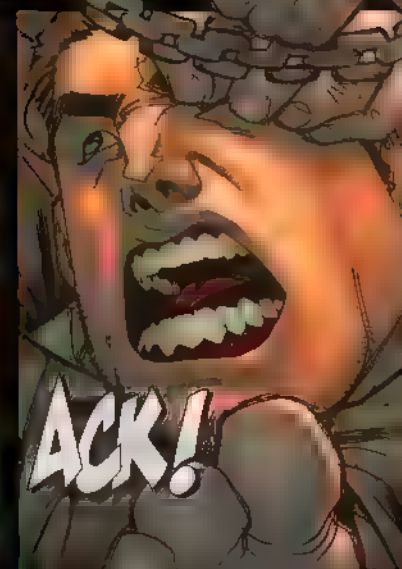
Three years in
solitary up in
the big house.

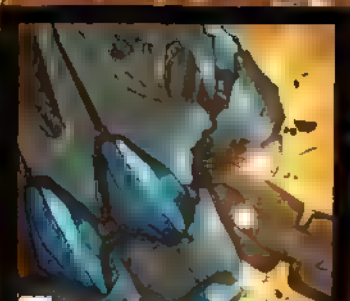
Lammed off during his first
day of work detail. Left his
sanity back in the clink.

Crazy enough
to be dangerous.



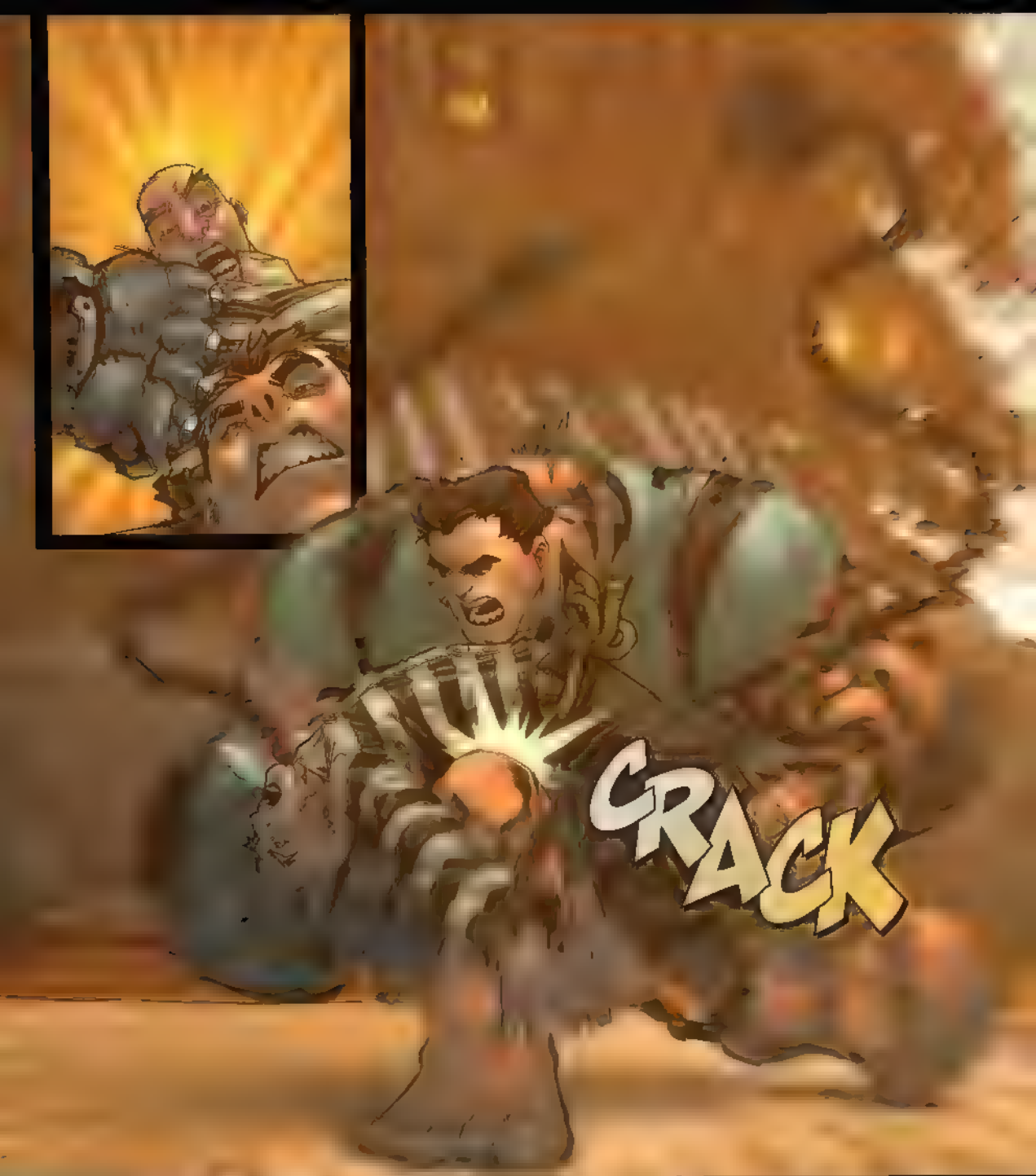
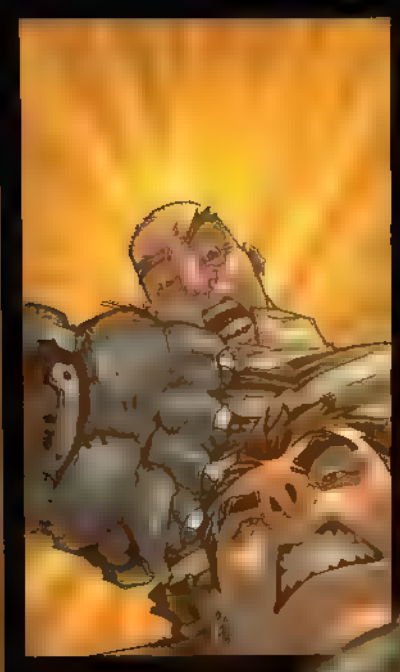






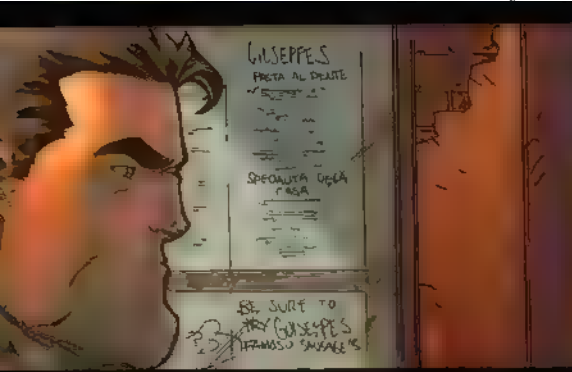
CRUUNCH





Three more added
to how many?

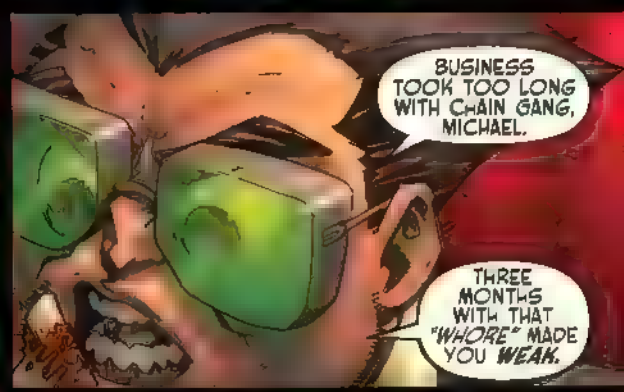




I WANT OUT.

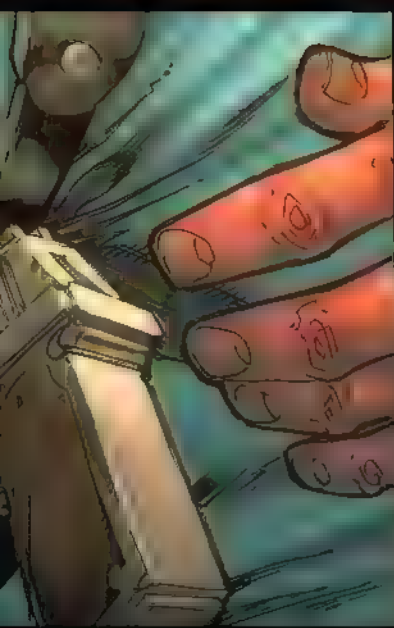


THIS ISN'T THE GIRL SCOUTS.
IT'S A FAMILY.
THERE IS NO MEMBERSHIP.
THERE IS NO OUT.



BUSINESS TOOK TOO LONG WITH CHAIN GANG, MICHAEL.

THREE MONTHS WITH THAT "WHORE" MADE YOU WEAK.



TUT TUT, MICHAEL. HASN'T BEEN BUSINESS IN HERE IN 50 YEARS. YOU KNOW BETTER.

OTHERWISE, GIUSEPPE WOULD ALREADY BE GRINDING UP "IRON SAUSAGES" IN THE KITCHEN.

COURSE WE'D HAVE TO MAKE AN EXCEPTION, 'CAUSE HE USUALLY ONLY USES 'TOD FREE MEAT IN HIS LINKS.



Three months ago
this would have
been a good enough
day to die.

WHEREAS, **JOHN CHASE**
RACKED UP A ONE MILLION DOLLAR
GAMBLING LIABILITY TO
LESTER THE JESTER.

WHEREAS, **LESTER**
THE JESTER OWED **BIG**
DADDY ONE MILLION
DOLLARS IN GAMBLING
HALL LICENSE FEES.

WHEREAS, **MICHAEL**
IRON RENDERED THE
OBLIGATION **UNCOLLECTIBLE**
BY BUMPING OFF **JOHN**
CHASE AND **LESTER**
THE JESTER DURING
COLLECTION.

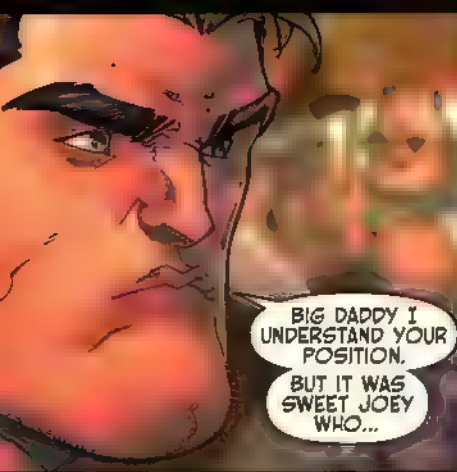
NOW
THEREFORE,
MICHAEL IRON OWES
BIG DADDY ONE
MILLION DOLLARS
TO COVER
"BAD DEBT".

WHEREAS **CARDINAL KELVIN** WON'T
SHUT HIS GOD DAMNED TRAP ABOUT THE
SO CALLED "SINS" OF GAMBLING.

WHEREAS, **MICHAEL IRON**
FAILED TO **CONVINCE** **CARDINAL**
KELVIN THAT IT IS IN HIS
BEST INTEREST TO SING A
DIFFERENT SONG.

NOW THEREFORE,
MICHAEL IRON MUST
CONVINCE **CARDINAL**
KELVIN TO GO BACK
TO CHASING
ALTAR BOYS.

THUS RESOLVED, IF **MICHAEL**
IRON RECTIFIES BOTH ABOVE
GRIEVANCES, THEN AND ONLY THEN, CAN
MICHAEL IRON PLAY KNIGHT IN SHINING
ARMOR WITH THE **LITTLE CHASE BITCH**.



...IS GONNA FILL YOU WITH
DAYLIGHT IF YOU CONTINUE TO
JAW FLAP **BIG DADDY**.

THE LIP
PUT IT IN THE
BIG BOOK.
IT'S
THE LAW.

BIG DADDY I
UNDERSTAND YOUR
POSITION.
BUT IT WAS
SWEET **JOEY**
WHO...

LUBICUS DID A GOOD
JOB ON THAT ARM, **MICHAEL**.
MUCH BETTER THAN HE
DID ON MY LEG.

TELL THE
BASTARD HE'S
SAUSAGE.

AND GET
SOME NEW
RAGS AND A
HAIRCUT.

IT'S A FRICKIN'
EMBARRASSMENT YOU
OUT WORKING FOR ME
LOOKING LIKE A SKID ROGUE.

THE DEAL
EXPIRES IN
48 HOURS.

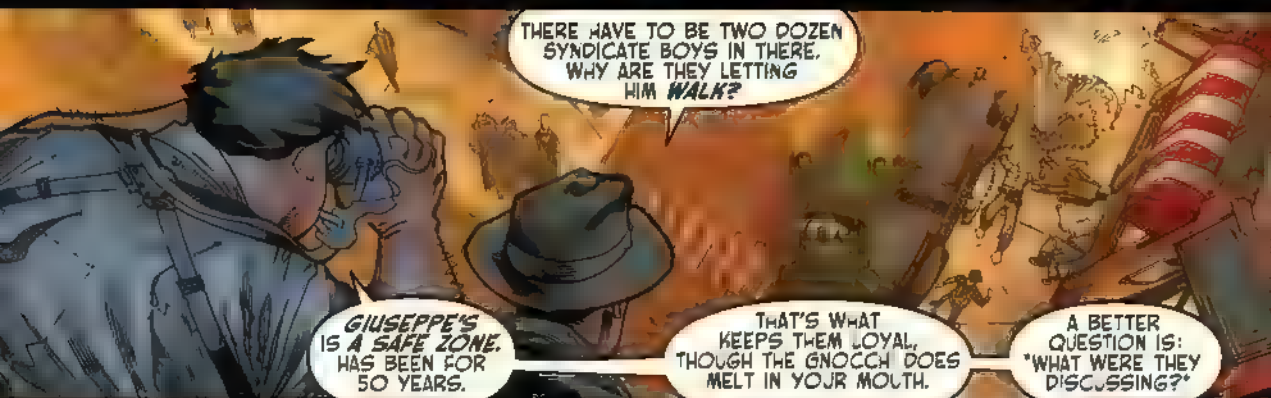




WELCOME
BACK MICHAEL
IRON.
WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN?



WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
WITH *ANGEL
CHASE*?
AND WHY
ARE YOU KILLING
SYNDICATE
BOYS?



THERE HAVE TO BE TWO DOZEN
SYNDICATE BOYS IN THERE.
WHY ARE THEY LETTING
HIM *WALK*?

GIUSEPPE'S
IS A *SAFE ZONE*.
HAS BEEN FOR
50 YEARS.

THAT'S WHAT
KEEPS THEM LOYAL,
THOUGH THE *GNOCCHI* DOES
MELT IN YOUR MOUTH.

A BETTER
QUESTION IS:
"WHAT WERE THEY
DISCUSSING?"



SHOULD
WE TAKE HIM
IN?

THE TWO
OF US HAVE A
BETTER CHANCE
OF KILLING A BULL
WITH FARTS.

BESIDES,
HE'S ALREADY KILLED
A FEW SYNDICATE BOYS,
HE MIGHT KILL US
A FEW MORE.



OH, AND
A WORD TO
THE WISE...

...NEVER
EAT *GIUSEPPE'S*
SAUSAGE.



*Clothes don't
make a man.*

They are the man.

Big Daddy is right.



GREETINGS,
MR. IRON.

I AM MICKEY
LIGHTNING: MASTER
OF THOR'S
DOMAIN.

AND I AM
NICK THE NOOSE:
THE ONE MAN
LYNCH MOB.

PREPARE
TO MEET YOUR
MAKER.



LET ME GIVE
YOU TWO
MOOKS SOME
ADVICE.

YOU'VE
ALREADY MADE
THREE FATAL
MISTAKES.



FIRST, YOU SHOULD ONLY **INTRODUCE** YOURSELVES TO BROADS.

BY INTRODUCING YOURSELVES TO ME, YOU GAVE UP THE PRECIOUS ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.

SECOND, YOUR **NAMES** ARE TOO **DESCRIPTIVE**.

THEY BROADCAST YOUR METHOD OF ATTACK AND THUS WHAT TO AVOID IN THE FORTHCOMING FRACAS.



AND TO WHOM DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU TWO GENTLEMEN IN THE FIRST PLACE?

BIG DADDY GAVE **SWEET JOEY** 48 HOURS TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU.

SWEET JOEY PUT 100 LARGE ON YOUR HEAD.

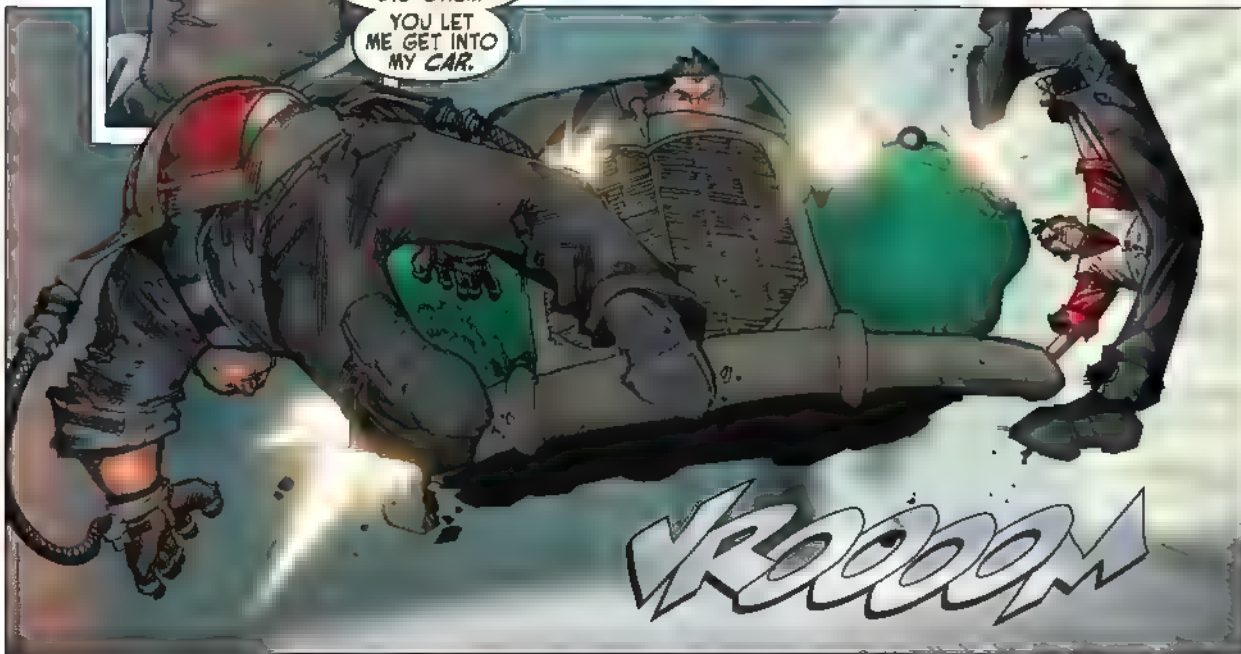


HEY, WAIT...

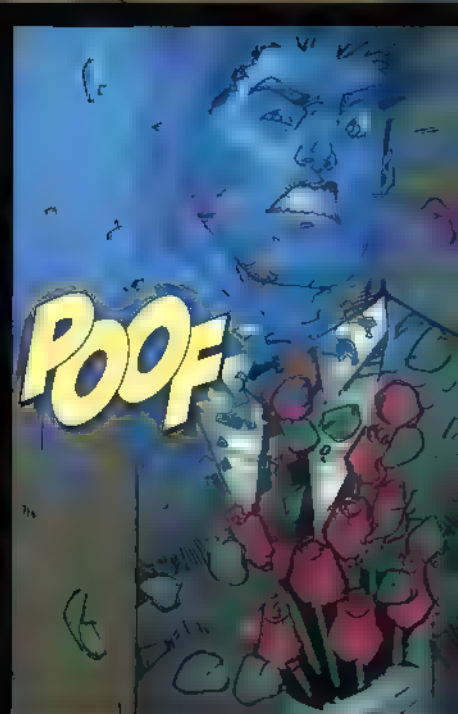
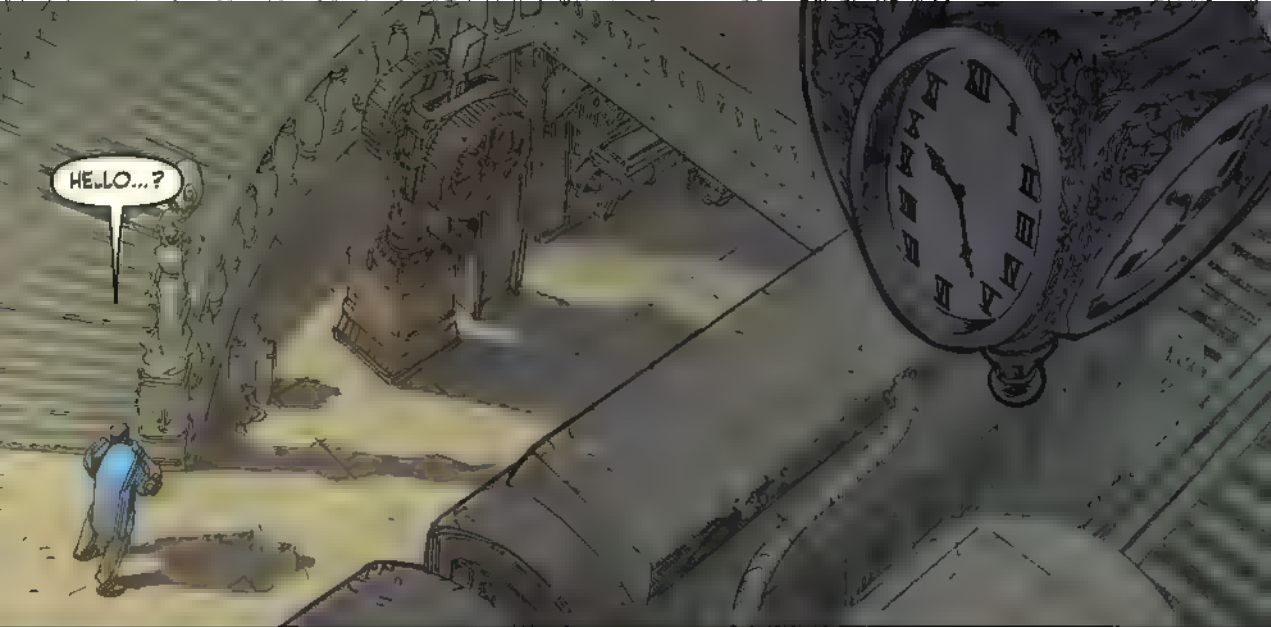
...YOU NEVER TOLD US WHAT OUR THIRD MISTAKE WAS.

THIRD **MISTAKE**, GENTLEMEN, IS A BIG ONE...

YOU LET ME GET INTO MY CAR.



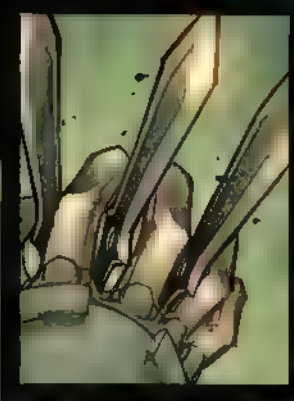
KROOOON





THE DOC
ALMOST NEEDED TO
MAKE YOU A **METAL FACE**
AS WELL. THAT KNIFE
SHOULD HAVE BLOWN A
THREE FOOT HOLE IN
THE WALL.

LESS
KRYPTONIC
CHLORIDE IN
THE MIX, I
THINK.



FWIP

FWIP

FWIP



Impressive.

THUNK
THUNK
THUNK

WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN
YOU RUN OUT OF
KNIVES?



THAT'S WHEN
I BECOME REALLY
DANGEROUS

She's Fast...

DANGEROUS
FOR WHO? LOW
FLYING HOVER
CARS?

OoOoF!



...AND
LUMBERING
OLD MEN!



...and she's good.

A
LAP-DANCER
AND A
BRAWLER.
HOW VERY
LADYLIKE.

I SEE YOU'RE
EXPERIMENTING
WITH *KNIVES* THESE
DAYS, DOC?



"AS A SCIENTIST,
I ABHOR VIOLENCE."

"I OFTEN QUESTION MY INVOLVEMENT
IN THE SECTION 67B SUPER SOLDIER
PROJECT, THE WEAPONS I CREATED,
AND THE PAIN THEY HAVE INFLICTED."

"THE WAR ENDED BEFORE OUR
INVENTIONS COULD BE WIDELY
UTILIZED, BUT THEY HAVE PROLIFERATED
DURING THE PEACE THAT FOLLOWED."

"SOME OF THE TECHNOLOGY HAS BEEN
USED TO BETTER HUMANITY. FOR EXAMPLE
DR. ANOCHES' HOVER CARS AND DR.
JOHNSON'S MEDICINES AND PRODUCTS."

"IN SOME SENSES EVEN DR.
VONSCRUNTING'S ROID PROGRAM
HAS IMPROVED OUR LIVES."

"UNFORTUNATELY, MY SPECIALTY WAS WEAPONS,
AND IT IS HARD TO MAKE AN ARGUMENT THAT WE
ARE BETTER OFF FROM THEIR EXISTENCE."

"I HAVE WAITED FOR AN
OPPORTUNITY TO REDEEM
MYSELF IN THE FACE OF
MANKIND. I BELIEVE THAT
TIME IS NOW."

"WITH MY WEAPONS
AND YOUR BRAWN
WE CAN KILL
BIG DADDY."

THESE ARE
THE ONLY TWO
"LUBICUS SPECIALS" IN
EXISTENCE. I MADE
THEM SPECIFICALLY
FOR YOU.

TWO 500
ROUND CARTRIDGES,
DOUBLE THE STANDARD
RATE OF FIRE, EIGHT
TIMES CAPACITY.
GOOD FOR SOFT
TARGETS.

AND A PERSONAL
FIRST, A SECOND BARREL
THAT FIRES .45 CALIBER
EXPLOSIVE TIPPED SHELLS.
8 SHELLS PER CLIP. PERFECT
FOR HARDENED TARGETS,
LIKE VEHICLES.

HELP US
VANQUISH BIG
DADDY AND THE
SYNDICATE. BE
OUR FISTS.

OH, AND
ONE MORE
THING...

**HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
TO YOU!**

HAPPY 37TH
BIRTHDAY. I FOUND
THE DATE WHEN I YANKED
YOUR CHARTS FROM
CITY HOSPITAL.

BUT THEIR
RECORDS STOPPED
AT AGE 12.

THAT'S
WHEN BIG
DADDY TOOK
ME IN.
AND THE
LAST BIRTHDAY I
CELEBRATED.

LOOK,
**WHACKING BIG
DADDY** ISN'T
GOING TO SOLVE
ANYTHING.

ONCE A
PERSON'S IN THE
BOOK THE R EXECUTION
IS SYNDICATE **LAW**. THE
NEXT CAPO WILL JUST
PICK UP WHERE BIG
DADDY LEFT OFF.

WE CAN'T
JUST **SCRAM** OUT.
THEY'LL GUN FOR
US UNTIL WE'RE
FOUND.

WE HAVE
TO **CLEAN** OUR
SLATES.
AND WE'VE
ONLY GOT
48 HOURS.

FIRST
WE TRY TO CLEAN
OUR SLATES, THAT WILL
BUY US TIME.

AND IF THAT
DON'T WORK
WE'LL TRY YOUR
SUGGESTION

OUR
SUGGESTION?

KILL BIG
DADDY.

AND
EVERY LAST
SYNDICATE
BOY.

'TIL THERE'S
NOBODY LEFT TO READ
WHAT'S IN THE BOOK
AND COME LOOKING
FOR US.

TAT TAT TAT
TAT TAT TAT
TAT TAT TAT
TAT

The City Tribune

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SYNDICATE SLAUGHTER; THREE DEAD IN RESTURANT BRAWL;

DR. HECTOR ANOCHES RECOGNIZED

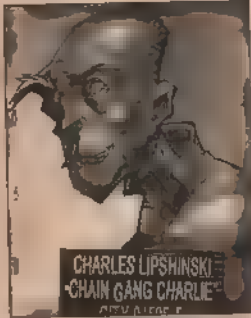
CREATOR OF HOVERCAR RECEIVES AWARD

City Hall - Mayor Flaherty presided over a ceremony presenting the key to the city to Dr. Hector Gonsuelo Anoches, ex-Section 67b member and creator of the Photon Hovercar and the Photon Batteries that power them.

Citing Photon Motor's contribution to the city economy, and for employing so many of its residents, Flaherty praised Anoches as a pioneer and model citizen. Flaherty also announced that he hasn't done enough to ease racial tensions caused by the City's burgeoning immigrant population, that Anoches represents the "opportunity for the good life provided by the City to its immigrant sons and daughters." Flaherty conveniently failed to mention the fact that Anoches is a third generation "City son", and heir to the Anoches (also shell) fortune.

Ceremony Marred by Protest

The festivities, which took place at the steps of City Hall, were overshadowed by protesters, including family members of soldiers who disappeared while serving at the facility that housed Section 67b during the war. Carrying signs that read "Tell us the truth about Section 67b", the 300 or so family members wanted the City Government to look into why soldiers stationed at this (cont. p7)



Charles "Chain Gang" Lipshinski

Prison Escapee Dies In Triple Execution

The City - Three Syndicate Boys were brutally beaten to death in front of Giuseppe's restaurant, a long time Syndicate hangout on Antwerp Ave in the East End.

The three slain individuals were identified as Rudolph "Gorky" Di'Maggio, Joey Bataglia and wanted prison escapee Charles "Chain-Gang-Charley" Lipshinski.

Detective Ray Manetti said that a single man, identified by multiple witnesses as Syndicate hatchet man and wanted mass murderer Michael Iron, carried out all three executions. He declined to speculate why a Syndicate member would attack and kill fellow members of the outfit.

A Life Of Crime

Lipshinski, aka "Chain Gang Charley," reputedly the highest ranking of The Syndicate members killed, had a long history on the wrong side of the law. At fourteen, he served his first prison sentence for aggravated assault on an elderly couple. Two years later, he was back to jail for his first convicted murder.

It was only four years ago that Lipshinski was sentenced yet again, this time three years for extortion and racketeering. Shortly after arriving in prison, Lipshinski was moved to solitary confinement in order to protect his fellow prisoners.

Prison warden Michael O'Malley called Lipshinski a "nightmare" inmate. He described Lipshinski as a man with no morals no remorse and very little common sense. In fact, prison records show that Lipshinski often initiated attacks on multiple

individuals seemingly without care for personal safety.

The Escape

He also wanted out. After two and a half years of solitary, Lipshinski was put on work detail. He worked on the Chain Gang for only three days before making good his escape and heading back to The City. It is believed that once he reached the city, he immediately returned to a life of crime, barely even taking time to buy clothing to cover his prison garb.

MISSING MOBSTER RETURNS

Police Hopeful That Missing Chase Daughter Still Alive

Yesterday's horrible bloodbath in front of Giuseppe's restaurant may be a positive sign for missing debutante Angel Chase.

Witnesses fingered Syndicate butcher Michael Iron as the assailant. Iron is wanted for single-handedly carrying out the Chase Massacre that left four dead and two missing three months ago. If Iron is indeed alive, then there is a possibility that Angel Chase, who disappeared the same day, might also be alive.

This is the first sighting of Iron since he disappeared from the scene of the Chase family massacre. City Hall had all but given up hope of closing the books on the mass execution, or of finding Chase family patriarch John's daughter Angel.

City Police Detective Ray Manetti said that the eyewitness sighting of Iron was a hopeful development, but he added that "an animal like Iron, completely devoid of feeling human emotions like love and compassion, is unlikely to have kept an innocent young woman like Angel Chase alive for so long."

City Hall was far more optimistic. Mayor Flaherty's office released a statement that they remained "hopeful." However, they (cont. p4)

SECTION 67b MUSEUM OPEN TO PUBLIC

New Secrets Revealed

Most people now know that The City was the location of secret Wartime Research and Development group "Section 67b." However next week, they will be able to learn new facts about some, but certainly not all, of the research that took place at the top secret lab.

For example, the names of all of the scientists that worked at the lab during the War have been released for the first time. The world was already well aware of Dr. Johnson of Johnson Products and Johnson Oil, the creator of Sug-a-Like and Bash Laundry detergent, Dr. VonScratching who developed the rOid, Dr. Anoches of Photon Motors, and Dr. Lubicus of Lubicus weapons fame, but for the first time we will be introduced to Doctors Serrafim, McClure, and Mahajunjad.

Museum Curator Linda Fairweather promised the Tribune that "citizens will not be disappointed" by the number of new secrets revealed.

But some who have been given advance screenings of the content say that important questions remain unanswered. A City government official, who spoke under condition of anonymity, says that he wanted more information regarding the human rights abuses that Section 67b has been accused of committing during research, development, and testing of some of its weapons. He said that unfortunately the museum has "skirted this issue." The official is not alone in his disappointment. A family member of a soldier killed by miscellaneous circumstances while stationed at Section 67b during the war managed to get press credentials and said that far from answering questions, the museum was "part of the coverup" (cont. p6)





STOP THE PRESS

Written by: **Jason Rubin**, Penciled by: **Francis Manapul** with **Joel Gomez**.

Colored by: **Dannation**, Lettered by: **Comicaft**

Edited by: **Jason Kay**, Character Designs by: **Joe Madureira & Jeff Matsuda**

Background and Concept Designs by: **Blur Studios**

Color Designs by: **Chris Lichtner**

Original edition Book Design and Production by: **Mark Roslan**

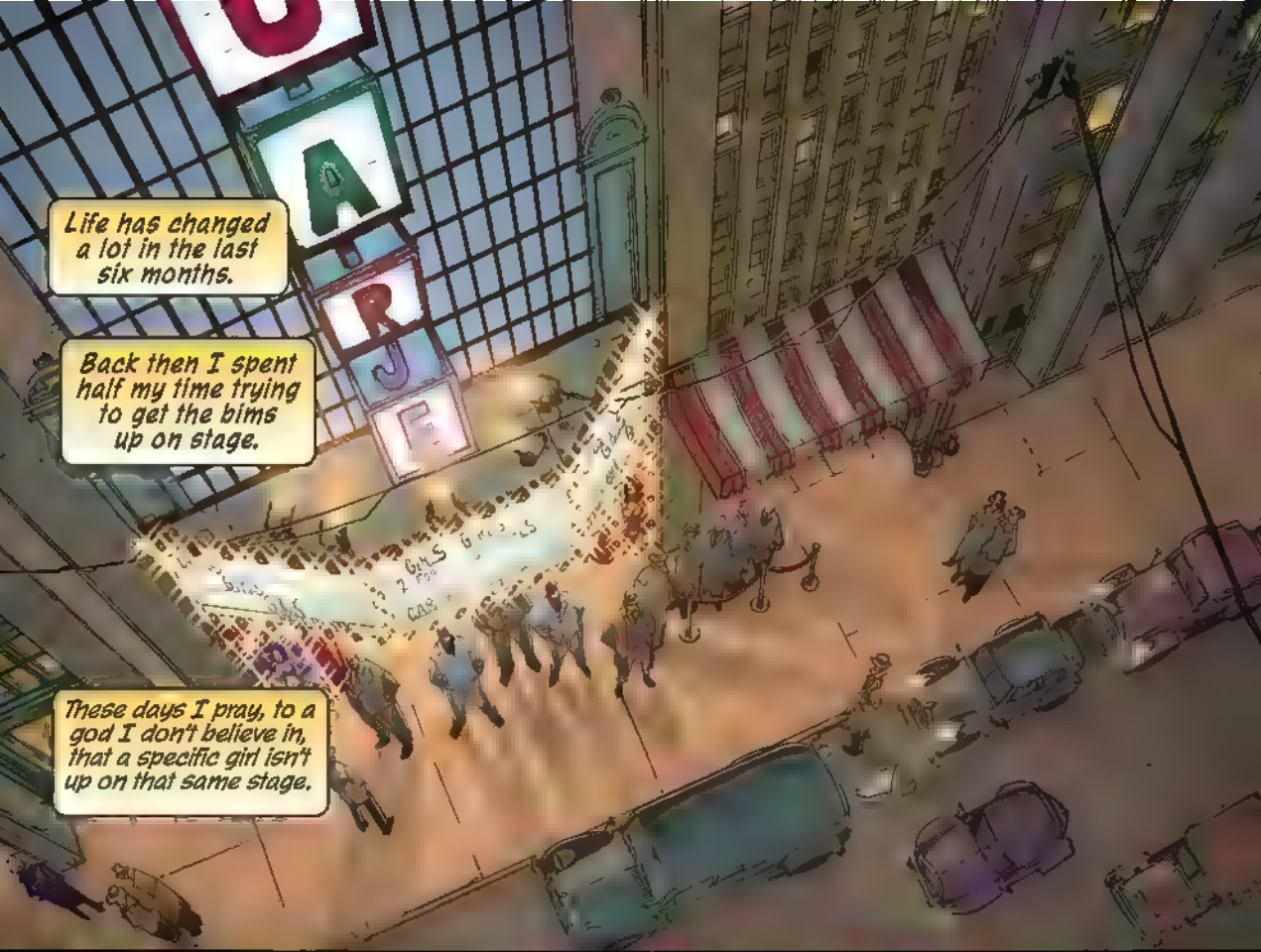
*A year ago this was the best
day care center in The City.*

*It took just 30 days for
me and the Syndicate to
shut it down and snap up
the building for crumbs.*

*We didn't even bother
changing the signage
before reopening it...*

*...as the Baby Care
Gentlemen's Club.*

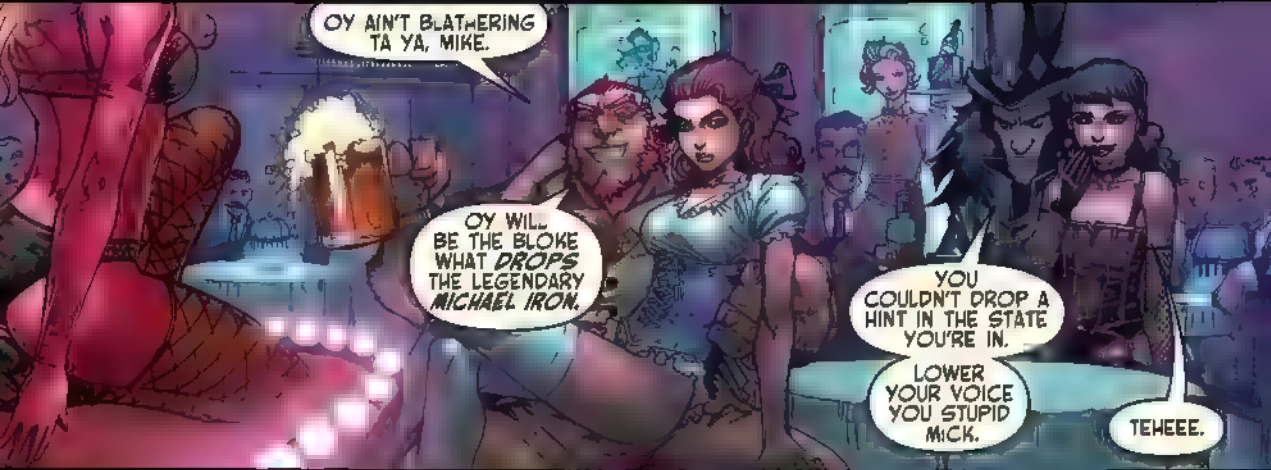




Life has changed
a lot in the last
six months.

Back then I spent
half my time trying
to get the bims
up on stage.

These days I pray, to a
god I don't believe in,
that a specific girl isn't
up on that same stage.



OY AIN'T BLATHERING
TA YA, MIKE.

OY WILL
BE THE BLOKE
WHAT **DROPS**
THE LEGENDARY
MICHAEL IRON.

YOU
COULDN'T DROP A
HINT IN THE STATE
YOU'RE IN.

LOWER
YOUR VOICE
YOU STUPID
MICK.

TEHEEE.



BAH, DON'T
EAT MY FECKING
HEAD OFF YE PALE
FACED EEJIT.

OY AIN'T TO
GEE-EYED TO
BITCH SLAP BOTH
YE AND YER
HOOR.

HA!

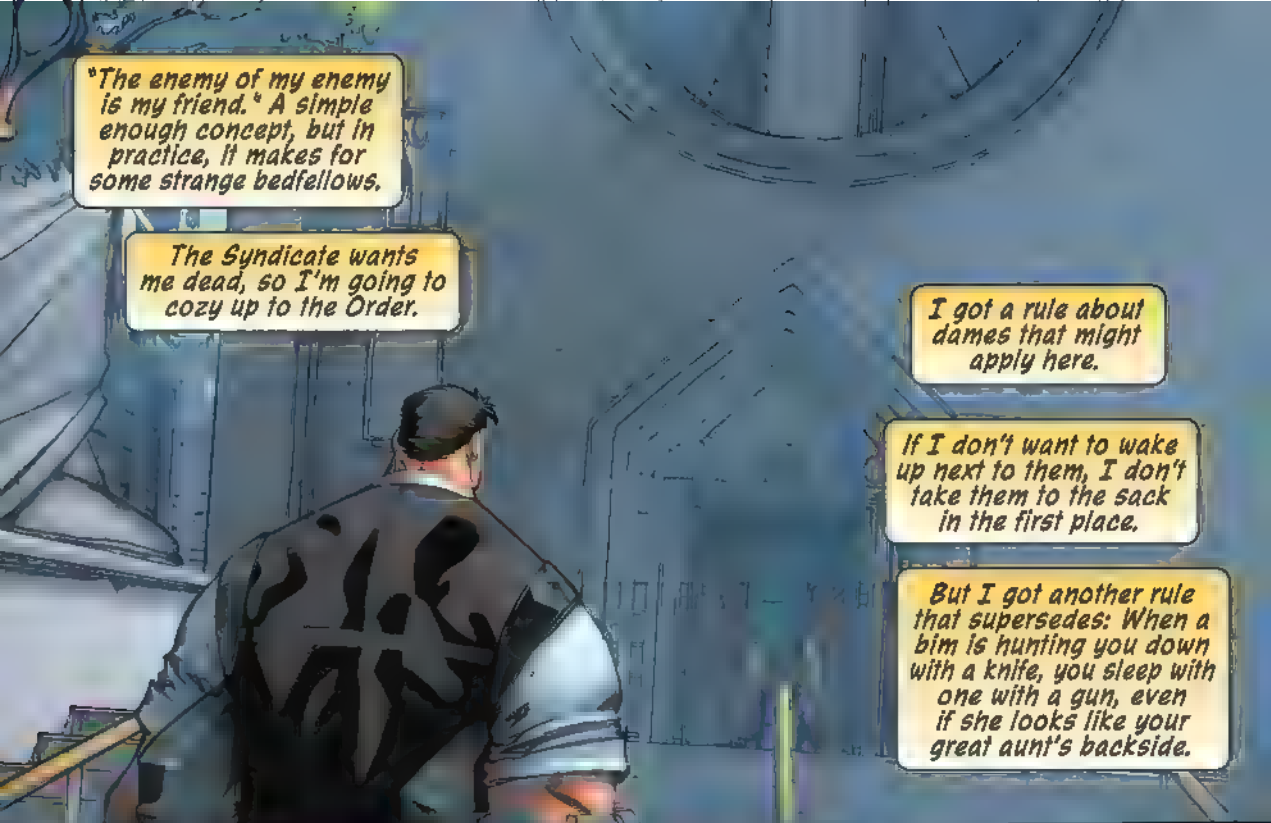
THERE'S
MANY A SLIP TWIXT
THE PINT AND
THE LIP YOU DUMB
LEPRECHAUN.

I'LL
BELIEVE IT
WHEN I
SEE IT.



MARK
ME WORDS YA
GOBSHITES.

MICHAEL IRON
GETS **FOUR BARRELS**
IN THE **TRIBUNE BUILDING**
AT **MIDNIGHT** OR OY AIN'T
DEADPAN LOUIE.



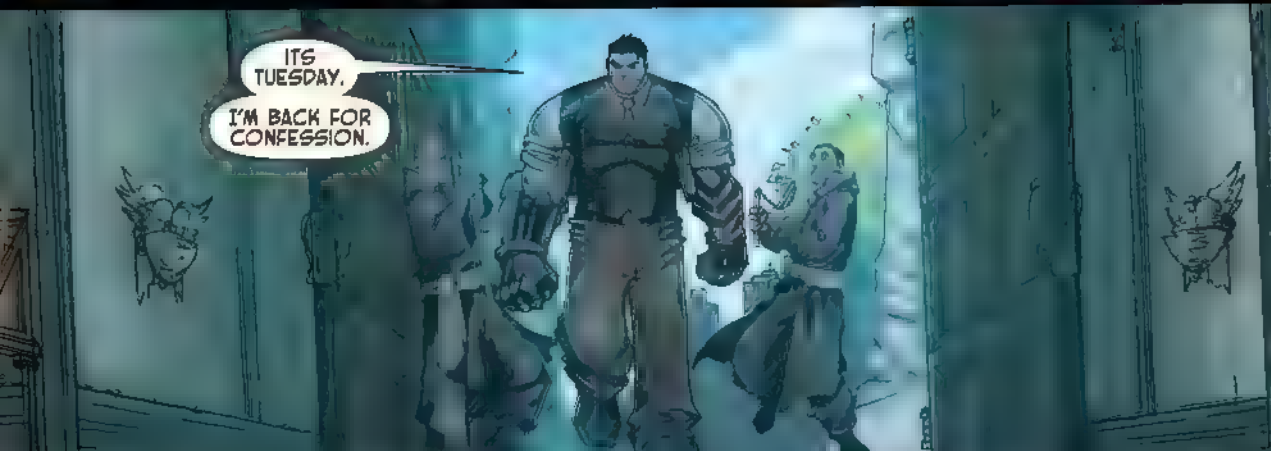
"The enemy of my enemy is my friend." A simple enough concept, but in practice, it makes for some strange bedfellows.

The Syndicate wants me dead, so I'm going to cozy up to the Order.

I got a rule about dames that might apply here.

If I don't want to wake up next to them, I don't take them to the sack in the first place.

But I got another rule that supersedes: When a bim is hunting you down with a knife, you sleep with one with a gun, even if she looks like your great aunt's backside.



ITS TUESDAY.
I'M BACK FOR CONFESSION.



This isn't going to be easy.

Last time I was here, I threatened to take Cardinal Kelvin's life.

Now I'm asking him to save mine.



FORGIVE
ME FATHER,
FOR I HAVE
SINNED.



WHY DON'T
YOU JUST **TELL ME**
WHAT YOU **HAVEN'T**
DONE, MICHAEL.

IT WILL
SAVE US BOTH
SOME TIME.

FATHER, I
REGRET THE ERRORS
OF MY PAST.

I **NO LONGER**
WORK FOR BIG DADDY
OR THE SYNDICATE.

IN FACT,
THEY WANT
ME DEAD.



I'M
READY TO MAKE
A CHANGE FOR
THE BETTER.

SO YOU
WANT TO **JOIN**
THE **ORDER** THEN,
CHILD?

NO,
FATHER.

I SAID I
WANTED TO MAKE A
CHANGE FOR THE
BETTER...



LOOK...

IF YOU
AREN'T HERE TO
KILL ME, THEN
DON'T TORTURE
ME **EITHER.**

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



**ONE MILLION
DOLLARS.**



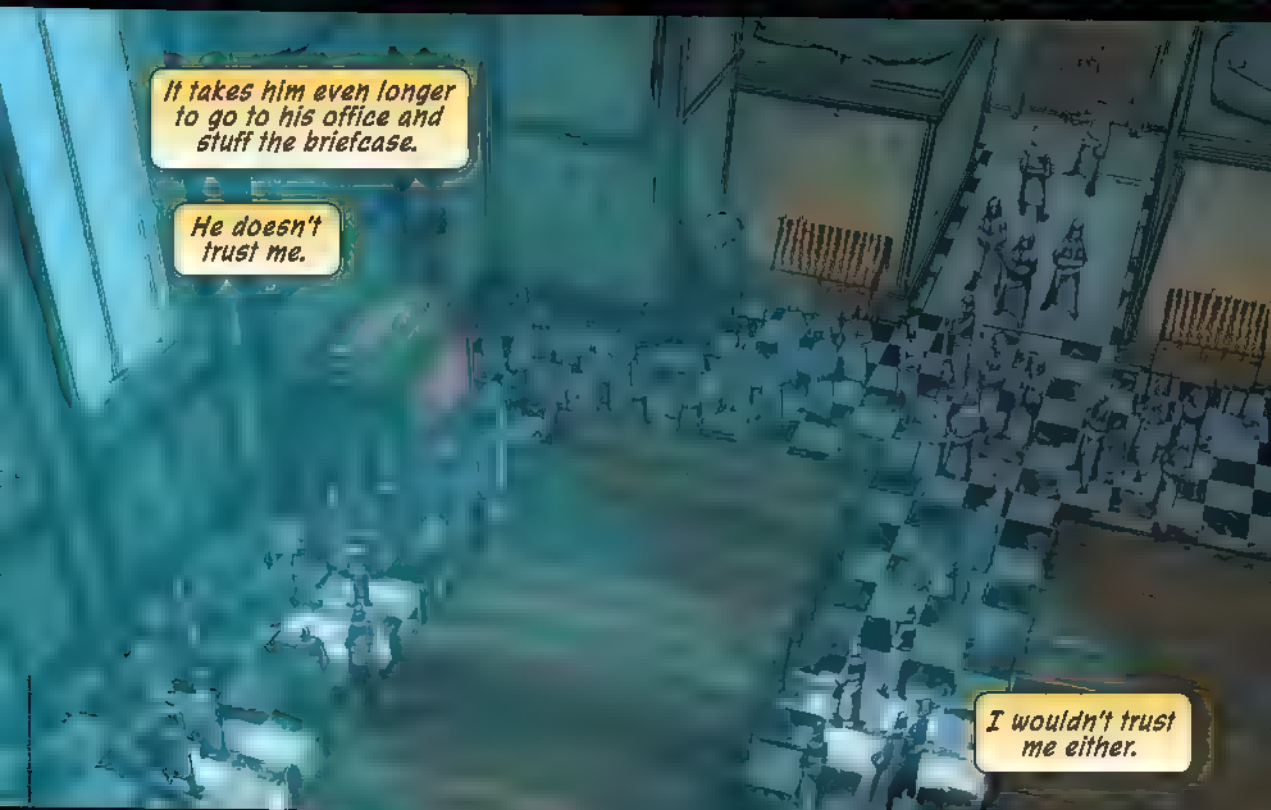
HAHAHAHA
HAHAHA



*After a while, he
stops laughing and
I make my pitch.*

*He spends a long
time mulling it over.*

*A million bucks is a lot
of basket passing.*



*It takes him even longer
to go to his office and
stuff the briefcase.*

*He doesn't
trust me.*

*I wouldn't trust
me either.*



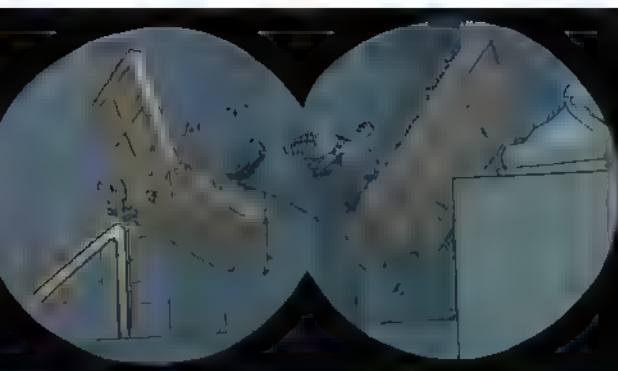
LET
HIM BE.



IF YOU
SUCCEED YOU WILL
SOLVE MY BIGGEST
PROBLEM.

IF YOU
FAIL, YOU
WILL DIE.

I HONESTLY
DON'T KNOW
WHETHER TO
PRAY FOR YOU
OR NOT.



I HAVE TO
SEE WHAT'S IN THAT
BRIEFCASE.

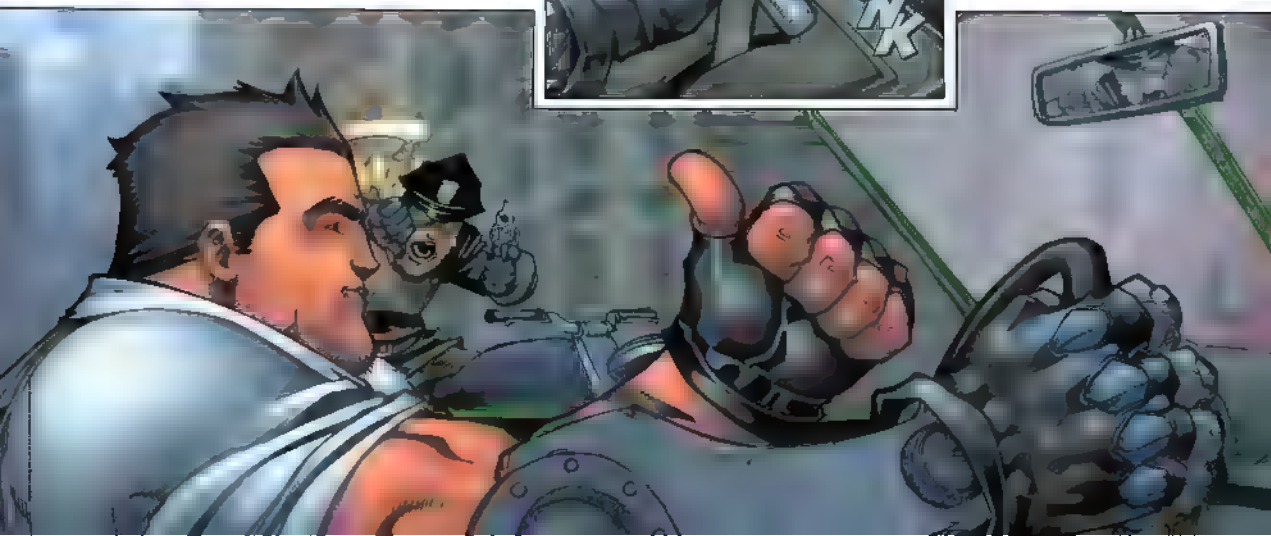


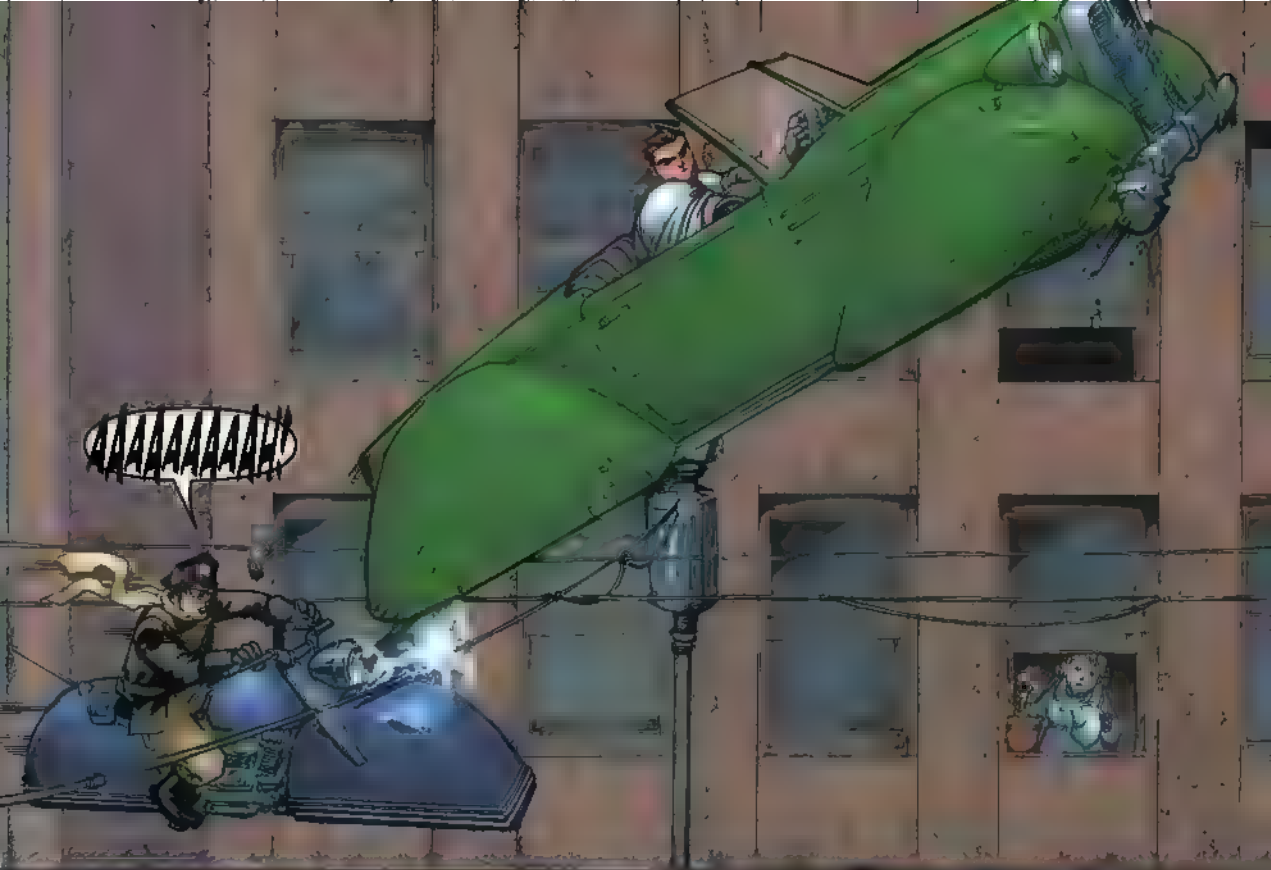
FOLLOW
IRON.
AND
CALL FOR
BACKUP.
LOTS OF
BACKUP.

WOOOOOOO WOOOOOOO











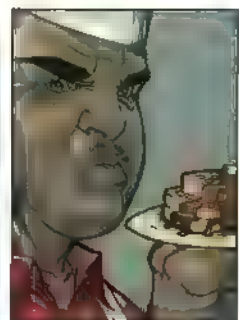


The South Side.

One of the few areas of The City the Syndicate doesn't hustle.

It's not that they don't try, mind you.

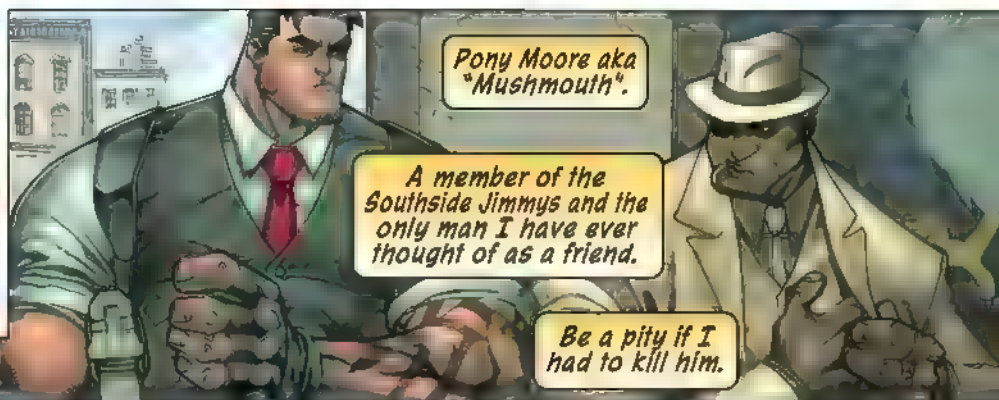
But around here they stick out like a dove trying to hide in a murder of crows.



Pony Moore aka "Mushmouth".

A member of the Southside Jimmys and the only man I have ever thought of as a friend.

Be a pity if I had to kill him.

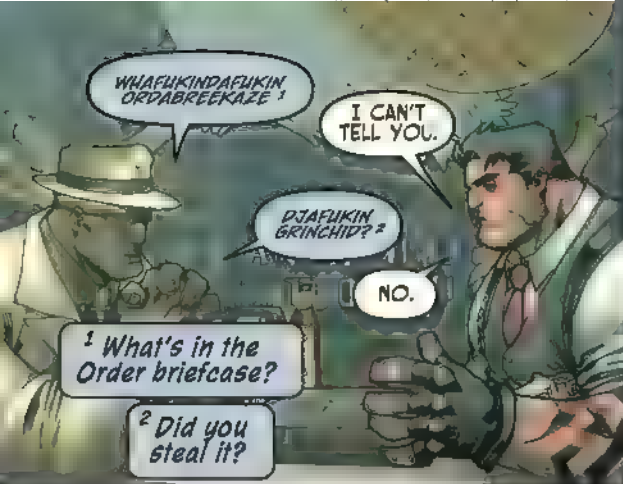


GOOD TO SEE YOU, PONY.

WHAFUKUP MUDAFUKA?!

How are you doing, Iron?





WHAFUKINDAFUKIN
ORDABREEKAZE? ¹

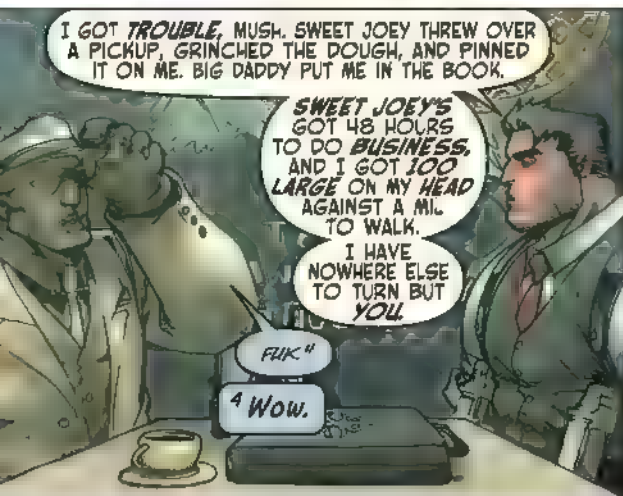
I CAN'T
TELL YOU.

DJAFUKIN
GRINCHID? ²

NO.

¹ What's in the
Order briefcase?

² Did you
steal it?



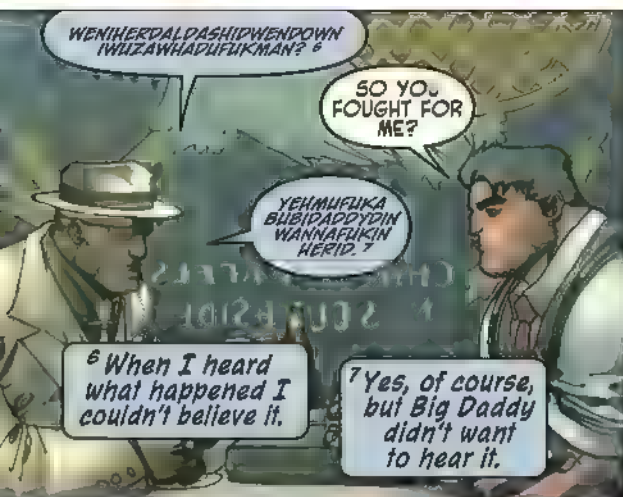
I GOT **TROUBLE**, MUSH. SWEET JOEY THREW OVER
A PICKUP, GRINCHED THE DOUGH, AND PINNED
IT ON ME. BIG DADDY PUT ME IN THE BOOK.

SWEET JOEY'S
GOT 48 HOURS
TO DO **BUSINESS**,
AND I GOT 100
LARGE ON MY HEAD
AGAINST A MIL
TO WALK.

I HAVE
NOWHERE ELSE
TO TURN BUT
YOU.

FLUK ⁴

⁴ Wow.



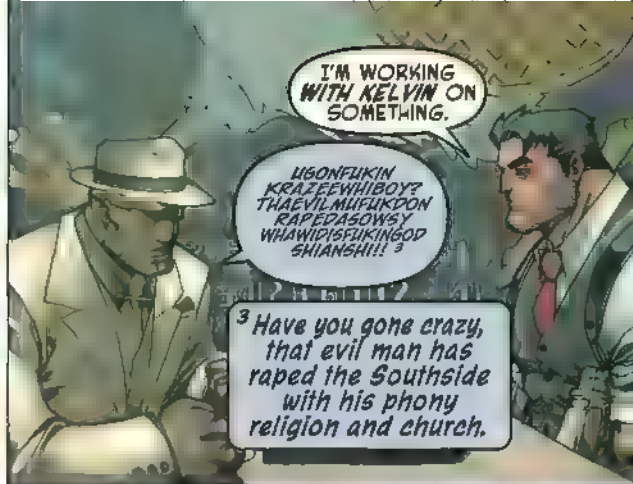
WENIHERDALDASHIDWENDOWN
IWUZZAWHADUFUKMAN? ⁶

SO YOU
FOUGHT FOR
ME?

YEHMUFUKA
BUBIDADDYDIN
WANNAFUKIN
HERID. ⁷

⁶ When I heard
what happened I
couldn't believe it.

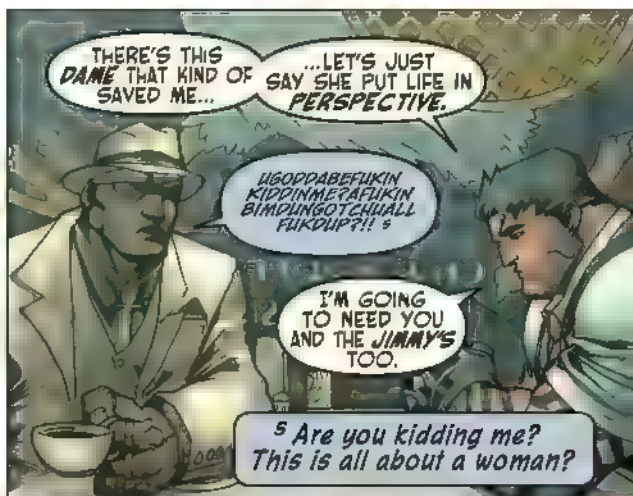
⁷ Yes, of course,
but Big Daddy
didn't want
to hear it.



I'M WORKING
WITH KELVIN ON
SOMETHING.

UGONFUKIN
KRAZEEWHIBOY?
THAEVILMUFUKDON
RAPEDASOWEY
WHAWIDISFUKINGOD
SHIANSHU!! ³

³ Have you gone crazy,
that evil man has
raped the Southside
with his phony
religion and church.



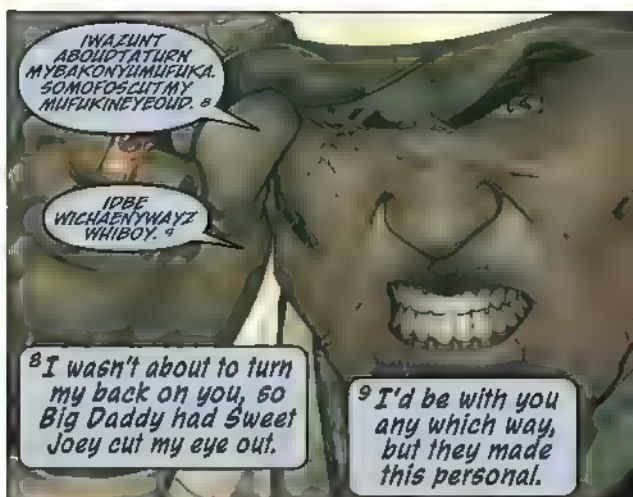
THERE'S THIS
DAME THAT KIND OF
SAVED ME...

...LET'S JUST
SAY SHE PUT LIFE IN
PERSPECTIVE.

UGODDABEFUKIN
KIDDINMETAFUKIN
BIMDUNGOTCHUALL
FUKDUPT!! ⁵

I'M GOING
TO NEED YOU
AND THE **JIMMY'S**
TOO.

⁵ Are you kidding me?
This is all about a woman?

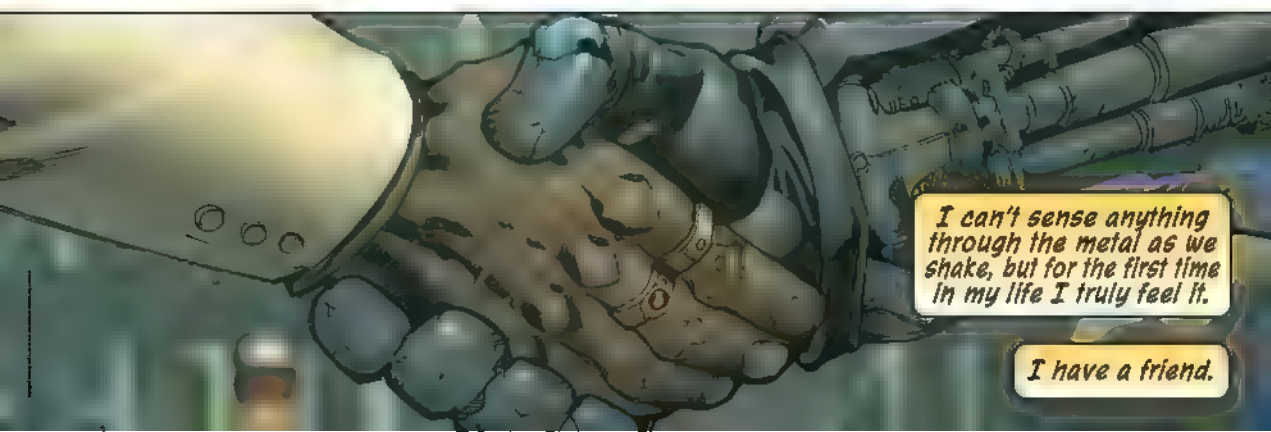


IWAZUNT
ABOUTTATURN
MYBAKONYUMUFUKA.
SOMOFOSCHTMY
MUFUKINEYEOWD. ⁸

IDBE
WICHAENYWAYZ
WHIBOY. ⁹

⁸ I wasn't about to turn
my back on you, so
Big Daddy had Sweet
Joey cut my eye out.

⁹ I'd be with you
any which way,
but they made
this personal.



I can't sense anything
through the metal as we
shake, but for the first time
in my life I truly feel it.

I have a friend.



The City Tribune Building.

SMITTY?

OY KNEW
YE'D COME IF
OL' SMITTY
CALLED.

LOUIE SAW
HOW HIS **SYNDICATE**
COLUMN BECAME **DRY**
SHITE RIGHT AFTER THE
CHASE JOB.

THE
SAME NIGHT
YE LAMMED
OFF.

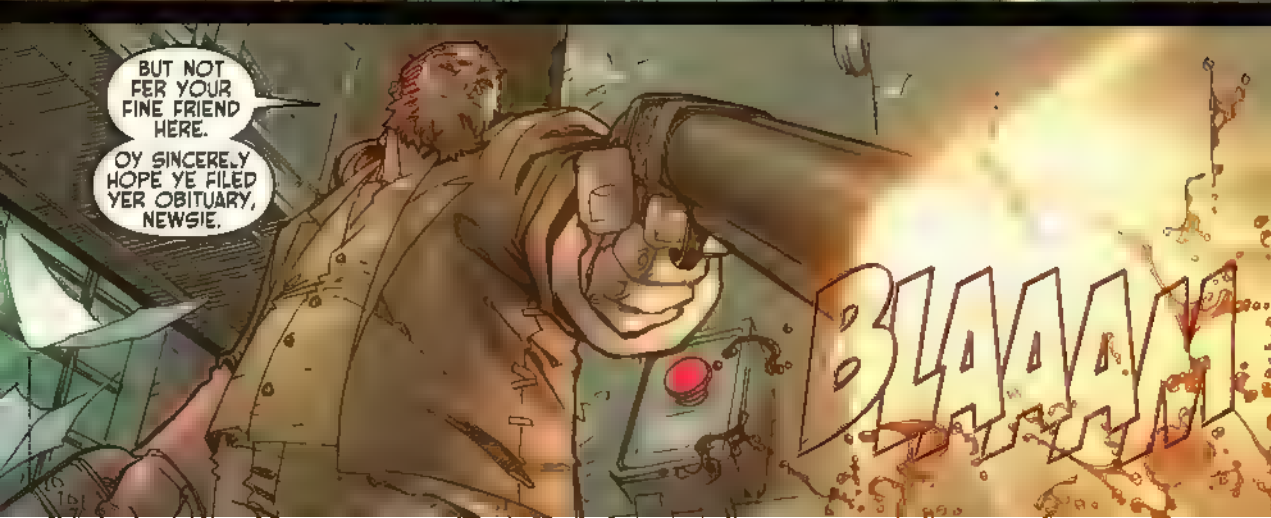
WELL YER
PET PARROT AIN'T
GONNA SING FOR
YE NAY MORE.

Deadpan Louie.

*Fiercely proud to be Irish.
If you ask the Irish I'm sure
the feeling isn't mutual.*

*Some have suggested that an
early, unperfected batch of the
rOid might have jingled his brain.*

*They're wrong. He's just
that damn lunk-headed.*





*Smitty was a good
and honest man.*

*I liked him
anyway.*



ME TWINS,
ABIGAIL AND AGATHA,
DESIRE TO MAKE
YE ACQUAINTANCE,
MR. IRON.

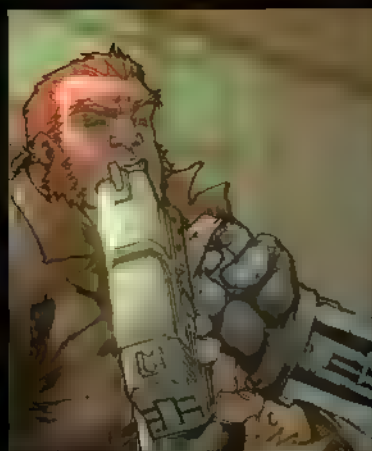


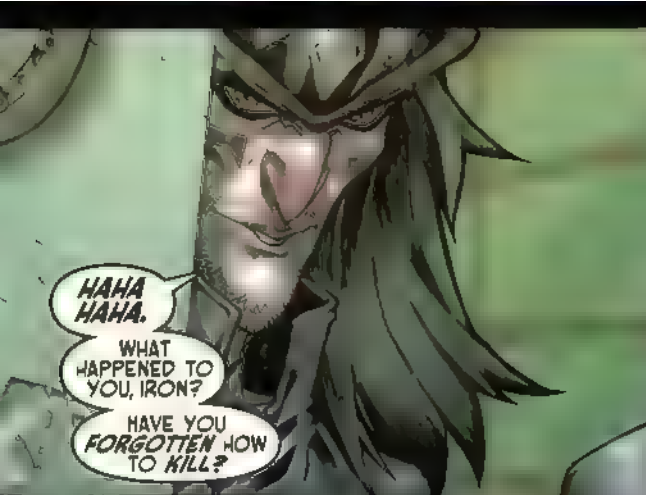
BUT OY
WARN YE, THE
LASSES HAVE
THE *DIVIL* IN
THEM.

BLAAAAAM



THEIR
INTENTIONS...
...THEY
ARE *NOT* SO
GOOD.





**HABA
HABA.**

**WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YOU, IRON?**

**HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN HOW
TO KILL?**



**NO MORE
THAN YOU'VE
GOTTEN A
TAN.**



**THAT'S A
GAS, A REAL SIDE
SPLITTER.**

Drop Dead Mike.

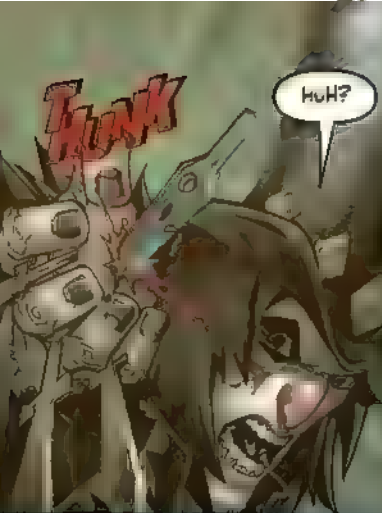
**Big Daddy's predecessor
buried him alive for
insulting his manhood
at a birthday roast.**

**Apparently the name
Jimmy "the Inch" wasn't
a reference to his never
having given one.**

**Drop Dead showed up two weeks
later, pale white and covered in
dirt. He finished his routine
with two 18 inch blades.**

**Some say he
can't be killed.**

**Nobody laughs at
him anymore.**



HUH?



SHALL WE
DANCE?

Angel Chase.

*Before I met her the
only attention I paid
to women was to
open my fist when
striking them.*

*She looks like an
Angel in that outfit.*

*Let's hope she lives
long enough to
share it with more
than three gangsters
and a corpse.*



I USUALLY LIKE TO GET TO KNOW A BIM BEFORE I TANGO.

BUT THIS JIG IS GOING TO BE SHORT, SO WHY DON'T WE JUST **SKIP** THE FORMALITIES.



YOU GOT A SHARP TONGUE, BITCH.

ALLOW ME TO **CUT** IT OUT FOR YOU.

Drop Dead has taken more cycles of the speed-enhancing r0id than any man alive.

She shouldn't be able to avoid him.

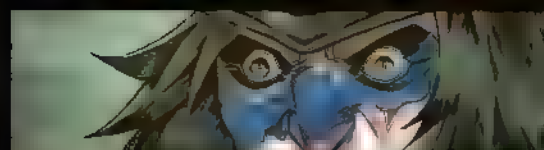


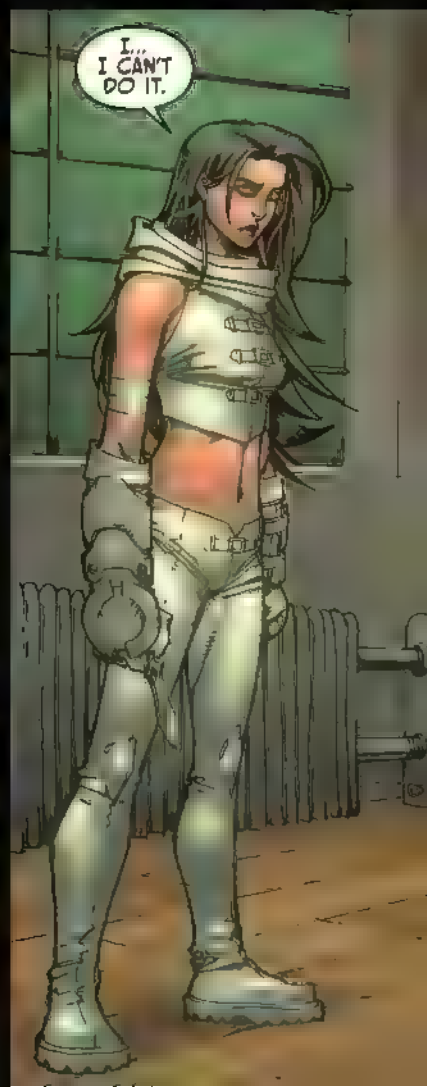
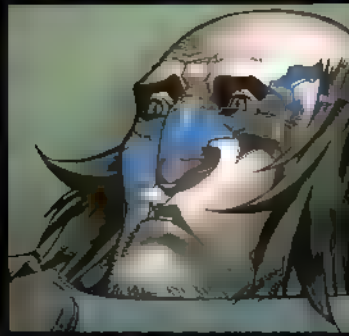
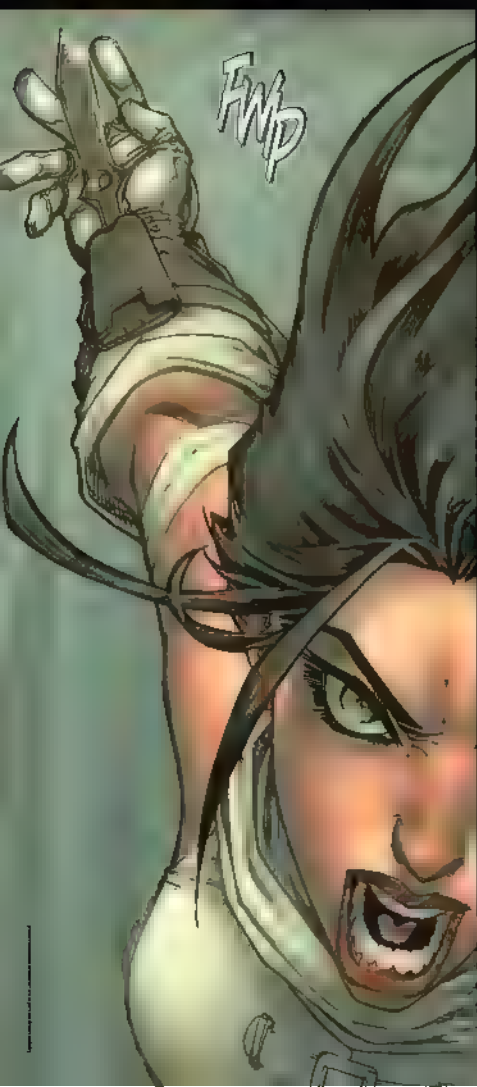
MY NAME ISN'T BITCH, IT'S **ANGEL**.

But somehow, she does.



PLEASUED TO MEET YE, ANGEL. THIS BE ABIGAIL..



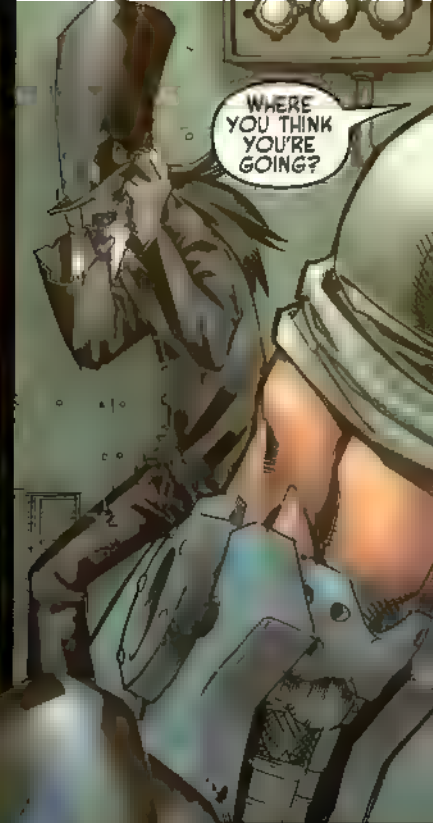




THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A BABE LIKE YOU.
GO BACK HOME AND THROW YOUR KNIVES AT TARGETS THAT DON'T FIGHT BACK.

WHO ARE YOU TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO? THEY DIDN'T KILL YOUR FAMILY.

HELL, THEY ARE YOUR FAMILY!
BESIDES, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE.



WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?



CRAWL BACK TO BIG DADDY WITH THIS MESSAGE.

EEEEYAAAAA

I GOT HIS MILLION BUCKS.
AND KELVIN GAVE HIS WORD HE'D LAY OFF THE ANTI-GAMBLING SERMONS.

TELL THE LITTLE BASTARD TO MEET ME AT THE CLOCK AT 7PM.

THIS ENDS TONIGHT.

City Hall, Mayor Flaherty's Office.

MICHAEL IRON
AND CARDINAL
KELVIN WORKING
TOGETHER.

FIRE AND
ICE,

THE
COBRA AND THE
MONGOOSE,

THE DEVIL
AND...

...AND
THE OTHER
DEVIL.

WHAT
DOES IT
MEAN?

WELL,
WHATEVER IT
IS, IT HAD BETTER
NOT GO DOWN
IN *MY TOWN*
UNLESS I GET
A CUT.

Big Daddy's Office.

THIS IS
MICHAEL IRON
WE'RE TALKING
ABOUT.

YOU DON'T
SEND TWO HALF
ASSED *NOOKS* TO
DO BUSINESS.

YOU
SEND IN THE
ARMY.
IRON'S
GOT THE DOUGH?
FINE. GO COLLECT
IT, JOEY.

WHOEVER
BRINGS IT TO
ME LIVES.

IRON IS
RIGHT ABOUT
ONE THING.

THIS ENDS
TONIGHT.

The
HOVERC
3 DEAD: IRON



SQUARE ONE

Written by: **Jason Rubin**. Penciled by: **Francis Manapul** with **Joel Gomez**.

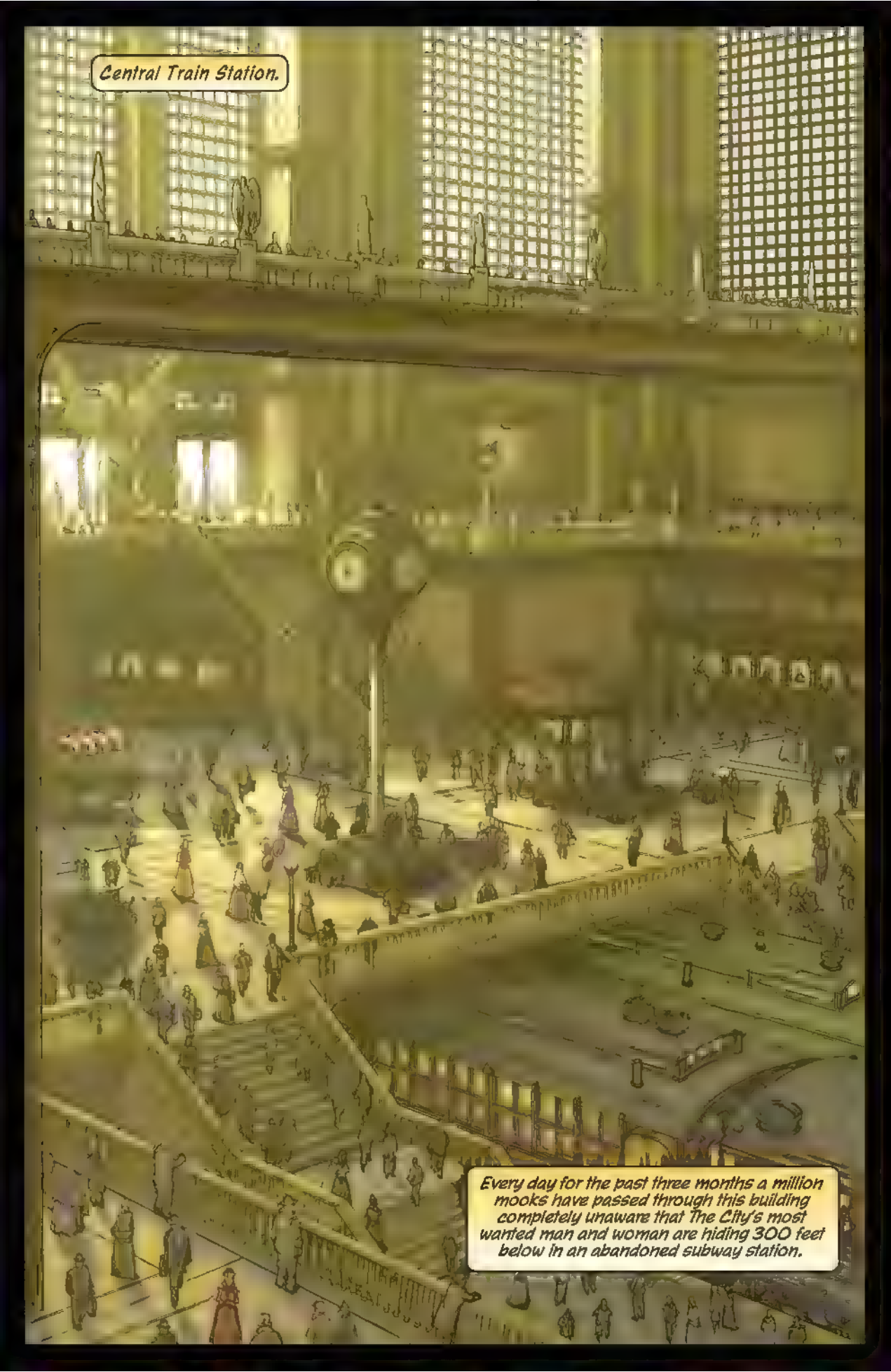
Colored by: **Danimation**. Lettered by: **Comicaft**

Edited by: **Jason Kay**. Character Designs by: **Joe Madureira & Jeff Matsuda**

Background and Concept Designs by: **Blur Studios**

Color Designs by: **Chris Lichtner**

Original edition Book Design and Production by: **Mark Roslan**



Central Train Station.

Every day for the past three months a million mooks have passed through this building completely unaware that The City's most wanted man and woman are hiding 300 feet below in an abandoned subway station.

But today
that changes.

Today I'm coming out
of hiding to settle old
scores once and for all.

WE'RE FINALLY
GOING TO **GET EVEN**
WITH BIG DADDY AND
SWEET JOEY FOR
SLAUGHTERING MY
FAMILY.

THEN WE'LL
BE **FREE** TO LEAVE
THE CITY. I CAN SMELL
THE COUNTRY AIR
ALREADY.

WE AREN'T
GOING TO DO
ANYTHING.

YOUR OUTFIT
IS CUTE. I'M SURE
YOU'LL GET A LOT
OF CANDY ON
HALLOWEEN. BUT
THIS ISN'T TRICK
OR TREATING.

I'M GOING
ALONE.

BUT WE'RE IN THIS
TOGETHER.

WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO, PAINT
EVERYONE'S FACE BLUE
WITH YOUR TRICK
KNIVES?

HEY, I'VE
SAVED YOUR LIFE
TWICE NOW.

THEN
IT'S MY TURN
TO SAVE
YOURS.
**STAY
HERE.**

YOU AGREED TO
TRY **MY WAY** FIRST,
REMEMBER?

I REMEMBER.
YOU SAID YOUR
WAY DIDN'T INVOLVE
KILLING EVERYBODY.
SO WHAT ARE ALL THESE
WEAPONS FOR?

BACKUP
PLAN.

WHAT
BACKUP
PLAN?

A comic book panel featuring a man with a cybernetic arm and a large gun. The man has a serious, somewhat menacing expression. He is wearing an orange jacket. His right arm is a large, blue, mechanical prosthetic with multiple joints and a cylindrical component at the shoulder. He is holding a large, silver, futuristic handgun with both hands. The background is a warm, orange-brown color with some mechanical details.

**KILLING
EVERYBODY.**

*If only I shared Angel's
rosy outlook. Even a
busted dice addict
wouldn't play the house's
money on these odds.*

*If I were still a kid in the
Order orphanage, I'd pray
to St. Jude, the patron
saint of lost causes.*

*But I'm not. I forgot
all of the Order's ghost stories
a long time ago, so I don't
even waste my breath.*

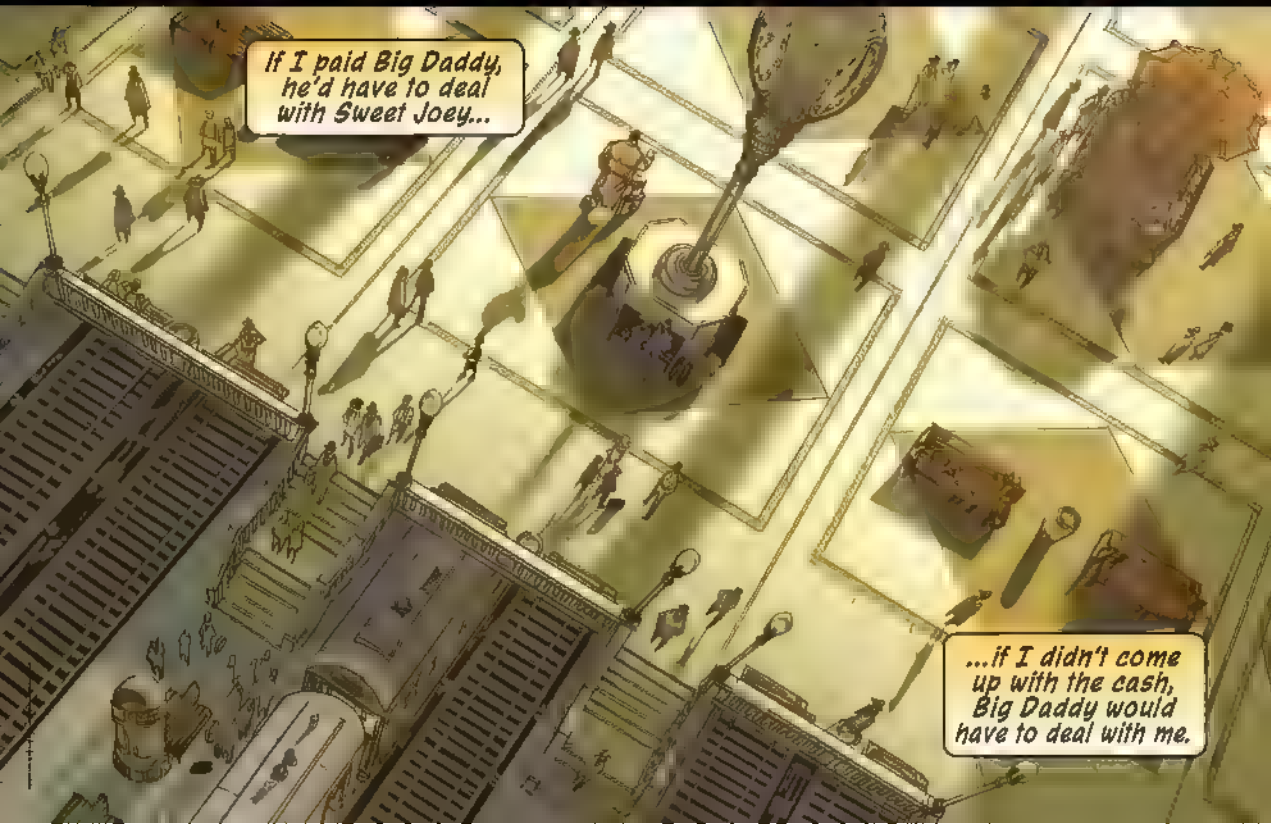
*I won't tell
Angel this is a
suicide mission.*

*But even a mook
with a death
wish would walk
on this one.*



I'm on the hook to Big Daddy to the tune of a million clams for bad business that Sweet Joey is really responsible for.

I sent a message to Big Daddy to meet me here at the Central Train Station to collect, but I know he won't come himself.

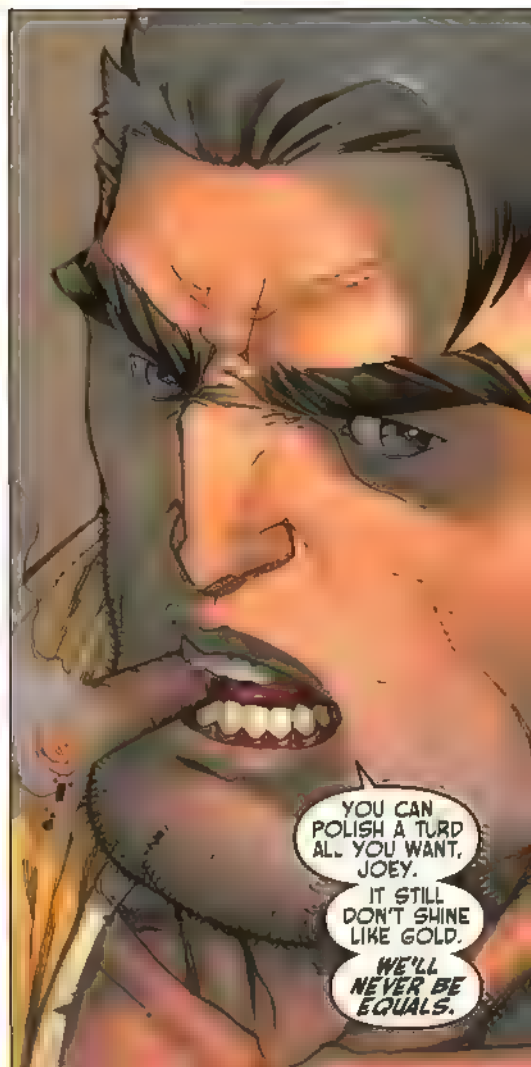


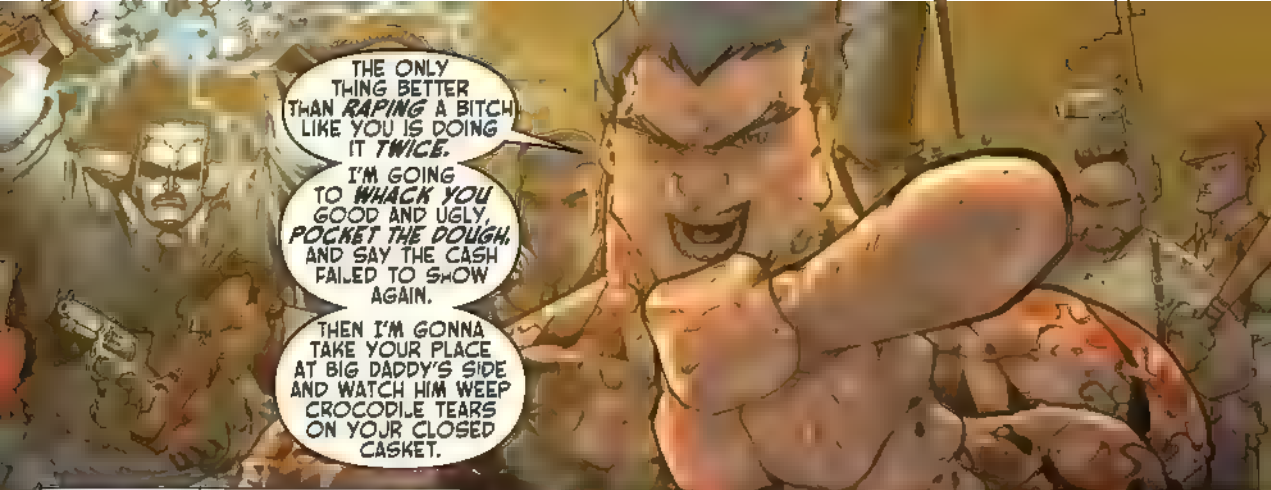
If I paid Big Daddy, he'd have to deal with Sweet Joey...

...if I didn't come up with the cash, Big Daddy would have to deal with me.

More efficient to throw
Sweet Joey and me into a pit with
a club and the cash and see who
manages to crawl out alive.

You got to admire the
little bastard's style.





THE ONLY
THING BETTER
THAN *RAPING* A BITCH
LIKE YOU IS DOING
IT *TWICE*.

I'M GOING
TO *WHACK* YOU
GOOD AND UGLY,
POCKET THE DOUGH,
AND SAY THE CASH
FAILED TO SHOW
AGAIN.

THEN I'M GONNA
TAKE YOUR PLACE
AT BIG DADDY'S SIDE
AND WATCH HIM WEEP
CROCODILE TEARS
ON YOUR CLOSED
CASKET.



DON'T PICK
OUT YOUR FUNERAL
SUIT YET. I CHANGED
THINGS UP A LITTLE
THIS TIME...

...THIS TIME
THE *DOUGH*
REALLY ISN'T
SHOWING.



AAAAARRGHH!

BUT
IT DON'T
MATTER.

RUBBING
YOU OUT ONCE
AND FOR ALL IS
COMPENSATION
ENOUGH.

**SAY NO TO
GAMBLING**

**GAMBLING
IS A DISEASE
AS DESTRUCTIVE AS
ALCOHOLISM
OR
DRUG ABUSE**

-CARDINAL
KEVIN
THE ORDER

-YOU HAVE A
PROBLEM VISIT
AN ORDER CHURCH
NEAR YOU

**SAY NO TO
GAMBLING**





NOW BRING
DAFUKNBAGH
DAWG!

¹ No, we are
the backup.



WHAT THE HELL
YOU SAY, BOY?
I COULD NEVER
UNDERSTAND A BLEEDING
WORD OF YOUR
IGNORANT DINGE
BABBLE.

THIS ISN'T A
RECORDING SESSION,
IT'S *WAR*. YOU NEED THE
CAVALRY, NOT MUSICAL
ACCOMPANIMENT.



CLICK CLICK CLICK

CLICK
CLICK CLICK

CLICK

OK, SO THE
BAND DID COME TO
PLAY, BUT YOUR BABBLING
ASS STILL AIN'T GONNA
SING

NOT ONLY AM
I GOING TO *FINISH*
THE JOB I STARTED BY
DIGGING OUT YOUR OTHER
EYE, THIS TIME I'M GOING TO
SLICE OUT YOUR TONGUE
OUT AS WELL.

SILENCING
YOU IS MY
CONTRIBUTION
TO MUSIC.



BANG

LAY YOUR
WEAPONS DOWN
NOW!
YOU ARE
ALL UNDER
ARREST.



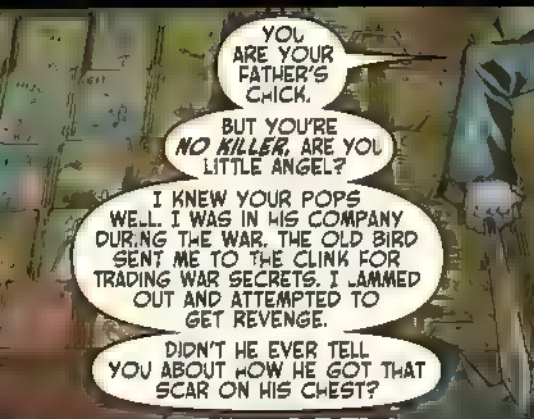
COME
OUT AND PLAY,
LITTLE BIRD.
OR DID YOUR DADDY
RAISE A
CHICKEN?



YOU
DON'T KNOW
MY FATHER.



CLUCK,
CLU...

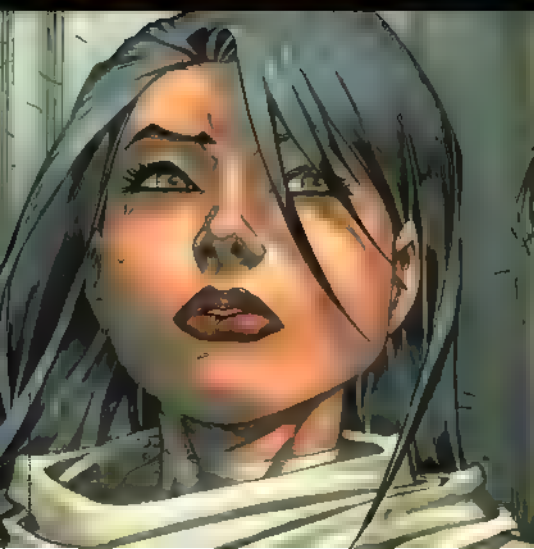


YOU
ARE YOUR
FATHER'S
CHICK.

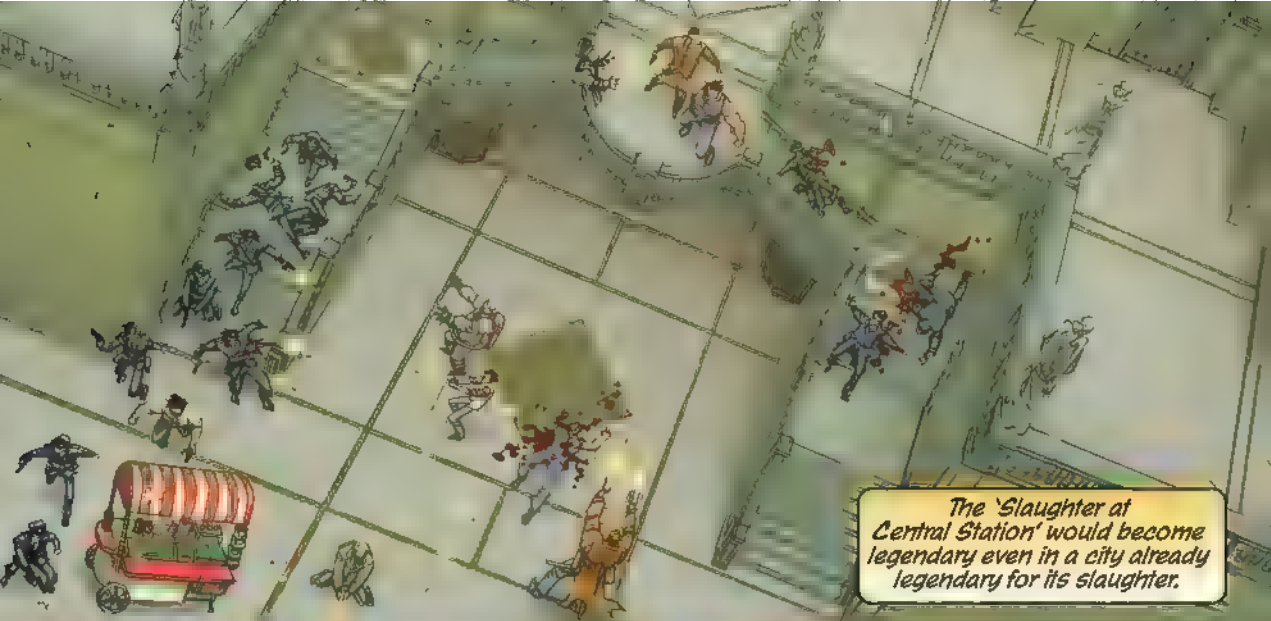
BUT YOU'RE
NO KILLER. ARE YOU
LITTLE ANGEL?

I KNEW YOUR POPS
WELL. I WAS IN HIS COMPANY
DURING THE WAR. THE OLD BIRD
SENT ME TO THE CLINK FOR
TRADING WAR SECRETS. I LAMMED
OUT AND ATTEMPTED TO
GET REVENGE.

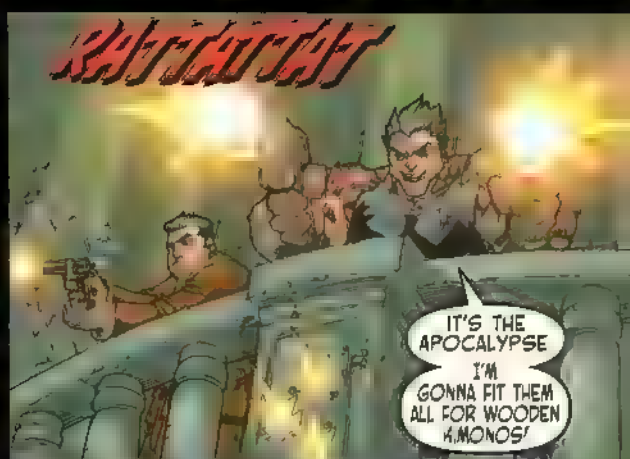
DIDN'T HE EVER TELL
YOU ABOUT HOW HE GOT THAT
SCAR ON HIS CHEST?



I'M FINALLY
GOING TO **SETTLE**
THAT SCORE.



The 'Slaughter at Central Station' would become legendary even in a city already legendary for its slaughter.







THE
LITTLE BIRD
CAN FLY.



I CAN BITE
TOO..



I'M GOING
TO CLIP YOUR
WINGS, LITTLE
BIRD.

BUT BEFORE
I DO, YOU SIMPLY
HAVE TO TELL ME
WHERE YOU GET
THOSE CRAZY
KNIVES!

CRASH



The Girl is either about
to become a woman
or a pincushion.

She's either
incredible or
incredibly stupid.

COME ON
IRON.



JUST YOU
AND ME, MAN
TO MAN.

HAND TO
WHATEVER YOU
CALL THAT THING
AT THE END
OF THE ARM I
SHOT OFF.

YOU
STILL GOT
BALLS?

OR DID
THE CHASE
WHORE JUST
LEAVE WITH
THEM?



LISTEN TO
YOUR JAW FLAP
JOEY.

ONLY TIME
YOU EVER GOT
THE BEST OF ME,
YOU PLUGGED ME
FROM BEHIND.

YOUR HEAD'S
GOTTEN TOO BIG
FOR YOUR BRAIN,
AND I'M SICK
OF HEARING
THE ECHO.

SO RIGHT
OR WRONG,
THE GLOVES ARE
COMING OFF.



EVEN IF
HE WANTED TO,
LUBICUS WON'T BE
ABLE TO PUT YOU
BACK TOGETHER
WHEN I'M THRU
WITH YOU.



HAHAHAHAHA
LET'S
DO IT.
JUST
YOU AND
ME.

BANG

BANG

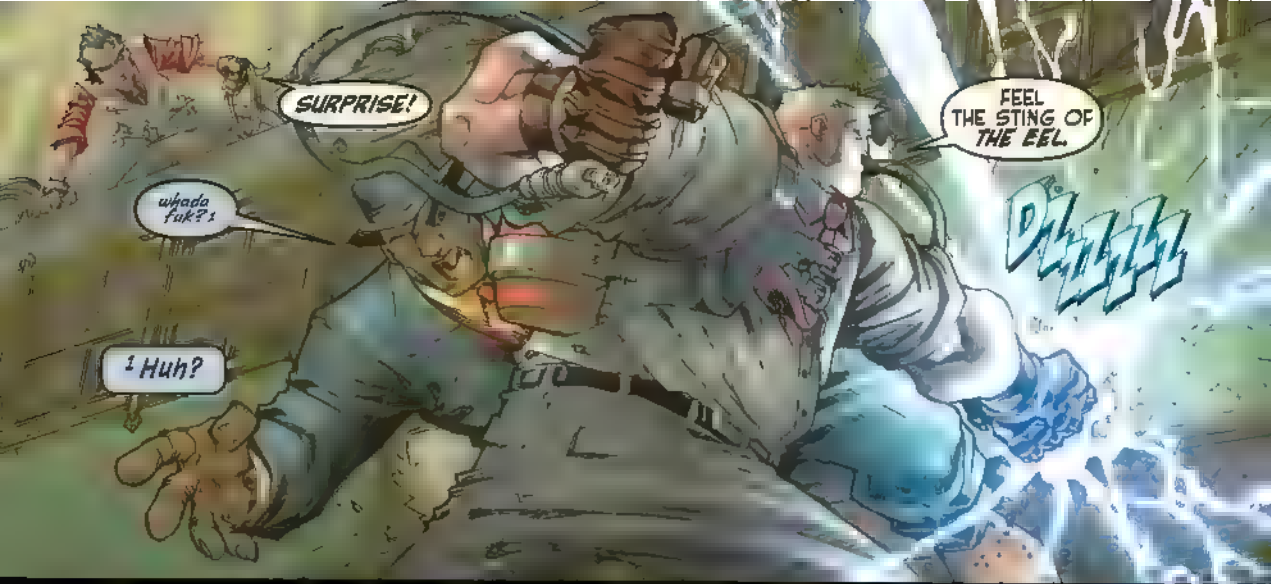


ARE
WE *OUT* OF
KNIVES LITTLE
BIRD?

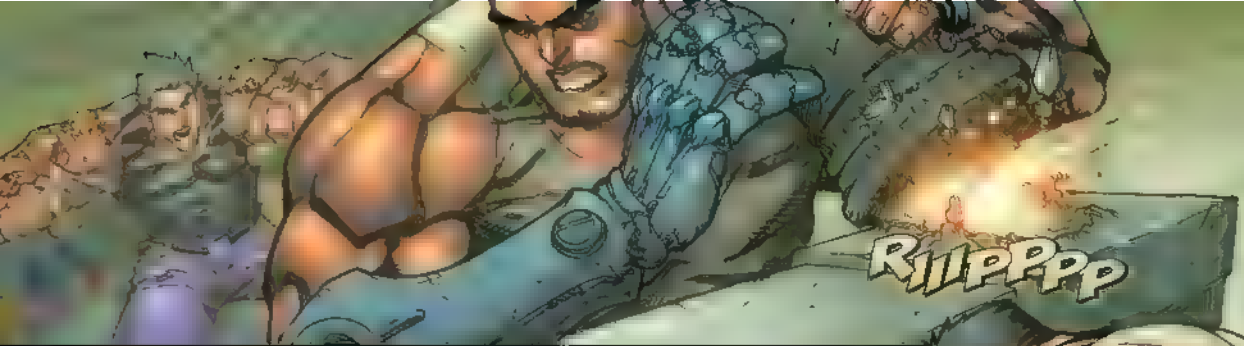


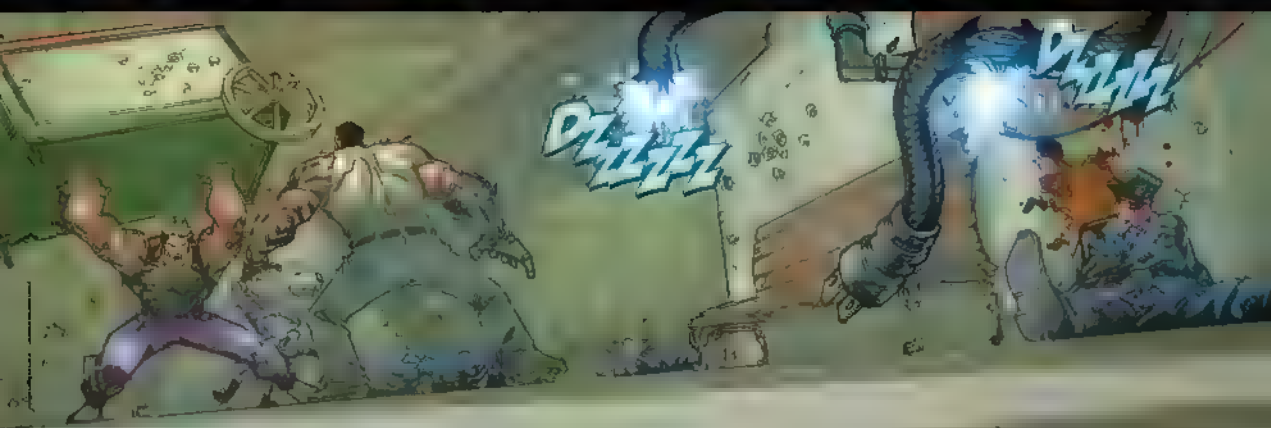
I STILL
HAVE TWO.
COME
OUT AND GET
SLIT LIKE
A FISH.

SCHICK *SCHICK*











FOR YOU,
DAD.



SO YOU HAVE
ONE KNIFE LEFT,
LITTLE ANGEL.

BUT WHAT
MAKES YOU
THINK YOU CAN
HIT ME WHEN YOU
HAVE *MISSED*
WITH SO MANY
BEFORE?

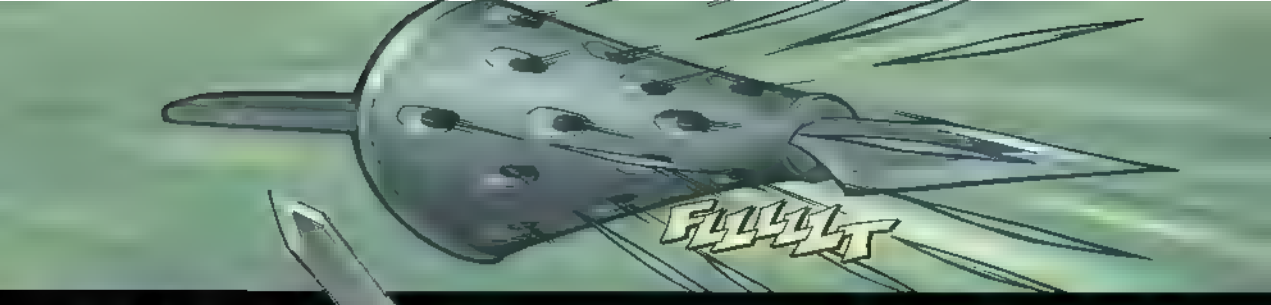


MY
FATHER DID
MENTION
YOU.

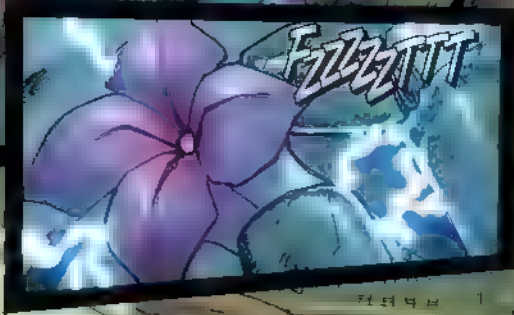
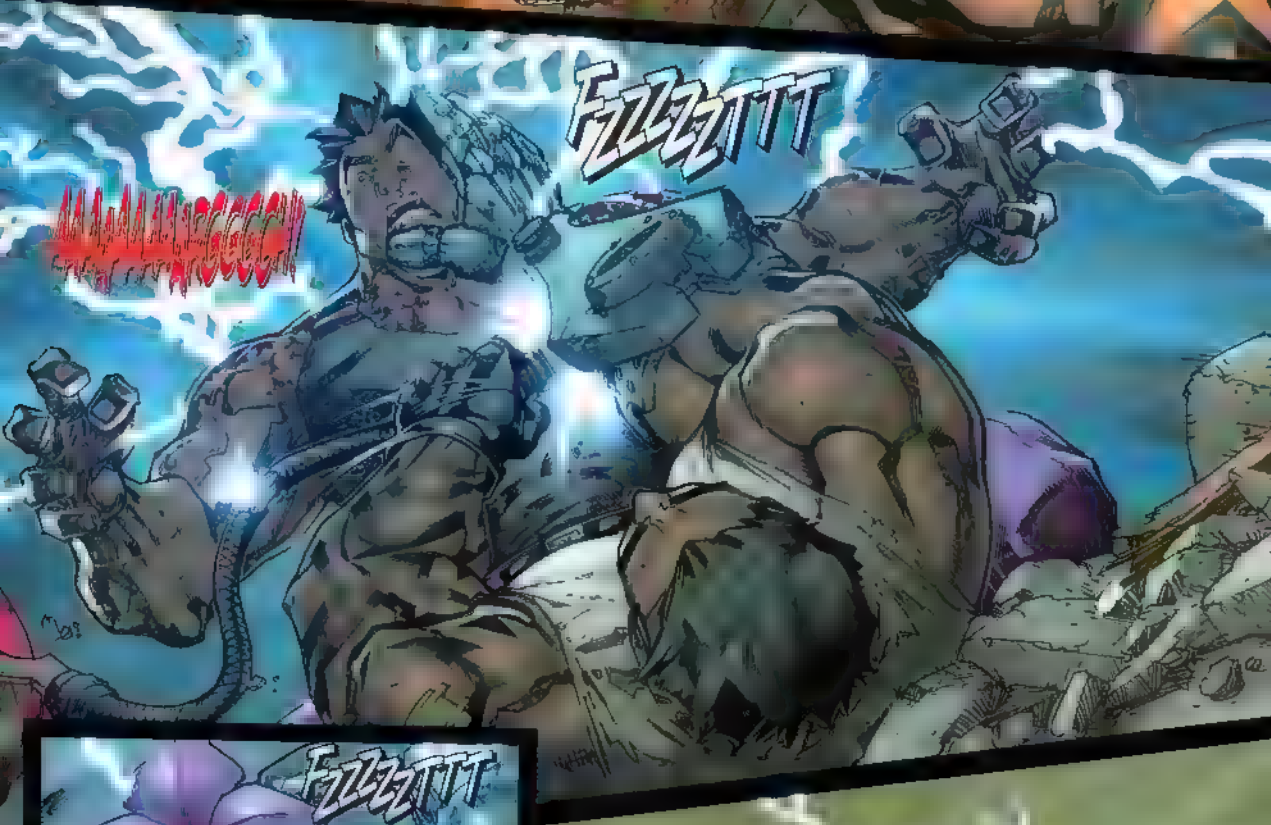
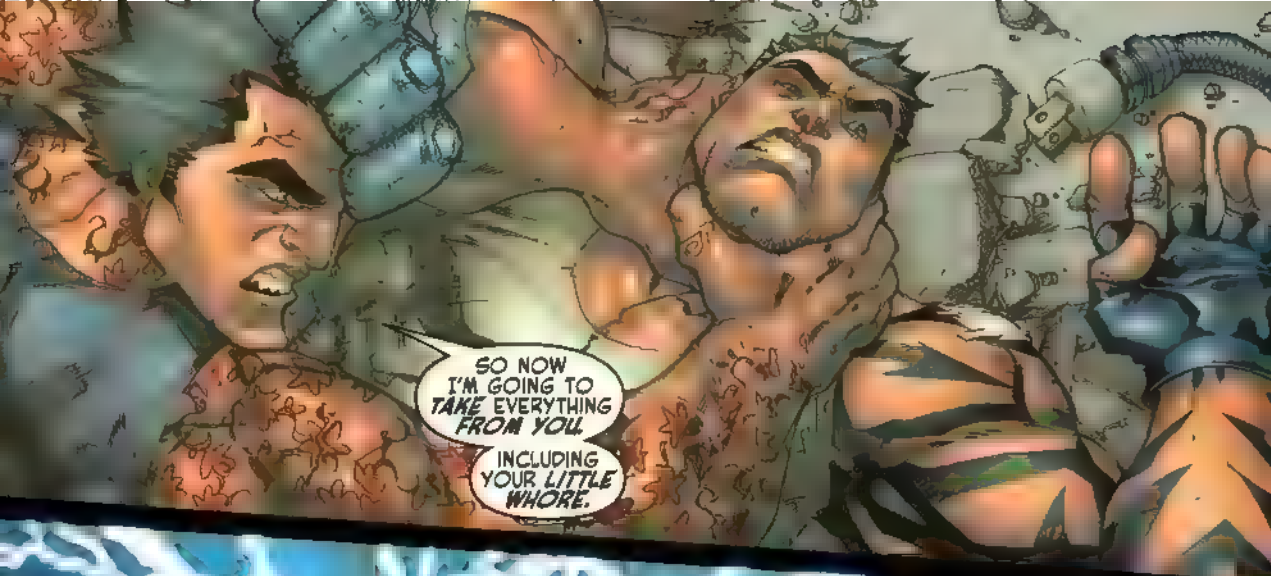
HE SAID
HE REGRETTED
TWO THINGS
IN LIFE.

EVERY
TIME HE HAD
TO KILL...

AND
NOT *KILLING*
YOU.











IT AIN'T LACK
OF BALLS THAT KEPT
ME FROM THE TOP,
JOEY, IT'S LACK
OF DESIRE.

YOU SPEND SO
MUCH TIME *CHASING*
BIG DADDY, YOU NEVER
ASKED YOURSELF WHAT IT'D
BE LIKE IF YOU FINALLY
CAUGHT HIM.

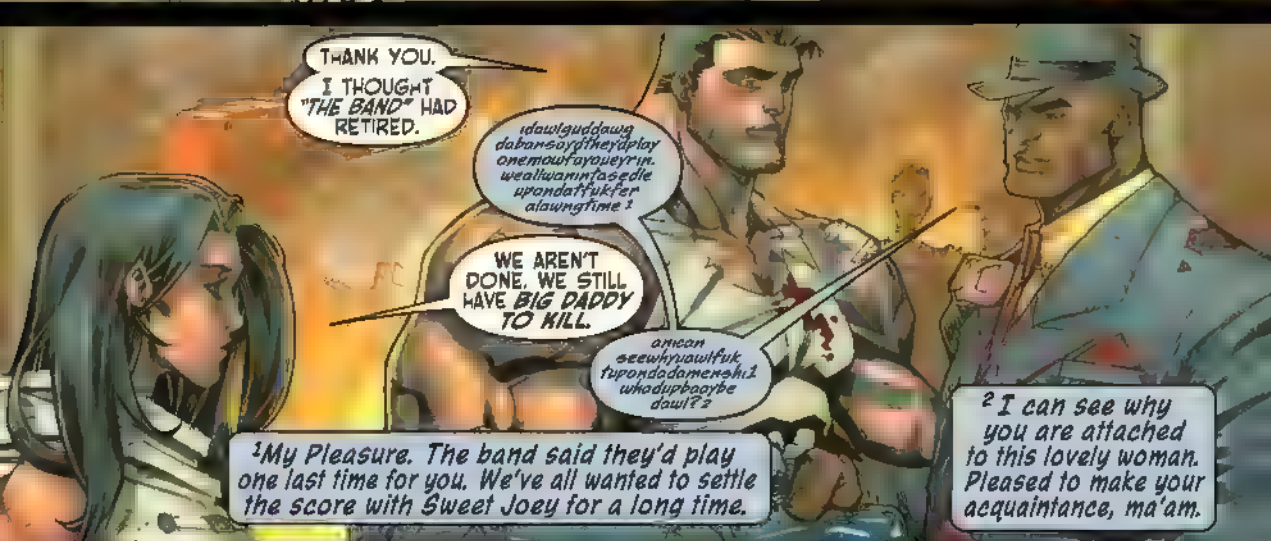
THERE WILL
ALWAYS BE MORE OF
YOU CLAWING THEIR WAY
UP FROM OBSCURITY. YOU
COULD NEVER SLEEP.
YOU COULD NEVER TURN
YOUR BACK.

I CHOOSE
A LIFE.

A BORING
UNEVENTFUL
MEANINGLESS
LIFE

YOUR
DEATH BUYS
THAT LIFE.

YOU
BAAAASSTAMMMFF







RESOLVED, LESTER
THE JESTER'S DEBT IS
COVERED. MICHAEL IRON HAS
DELIVERED ONE MILLION
DOLLARS TO COVER THE
CHASE "SHORTFALL".

RESOLVED,
CARDINAL KELVIN HAS
AGREED TO LAY OFF
THE **ANTI-GAMBLING**
RHETORIC. MICHAEL
IRON HAS CONVINCED
SWEET JOEY TO GET
OUT OF THE CHURCH
BUYING **BUSINESS**
PERMANENTLY.

NOW
THEREFORE, MICHAEL
IRON IS **FREE**
AND **CLEAR OF**
OBLIGATION.

PUT
IT IN THE
BOOK.

AGREED,
ACCEPTED, AND
NOTED.

HOWEVER...

WHEREAS,
MICHAEL IRON HAS
COST BIG DADDY AT
LEAST ONE MILLION
DOLLARS IN **CONSTRUCTION**
KICKBACKS BY WHACKING
SWEET JOEY
PETUNIA.

NOW THEREFORE,
MICHAEL IRON **OWES**
BIG DADDY **ONE MILLION**
DOLLARS TO COVER
LOST INCOME.

THUS RESOLVED,
MICHAEL IRON MUST
FIRST SATISFY THIS
ADDITIONAL GRIEVANCE
BEFORE GAINING
HIS **FREEDOM**.



I RAISED YOU
LIKE A **SON** AND MADE
YOU INTO THE **MAN** YOU
ARE TODAY. YOU REPAY
ME BY RUNNING OFF TO
PLAY HOUSE WITH THE
CHASE WHORE?

WHETHER
YOU'RE PART OF THE
SYNDICATE OR NOT,
YOU'LL ALWAYS WORK
FOR BIG DADDY.

LET ME
INTRODUCE MR. FRIGG
AND MR. FRAGG. SLIGHTLY
TOO BRAIN DAMAGED
TO BE CALLED THE FIRST
SUCCESSFUL HUMAN
APPLICATIONS OF
roid LEVEL 5.0.

MR. FRIGG
AND MR. FRAGG,
PLEASE INTRODUCE
MICHAEL IRON TO
THE **DOOR**.

HE'S
OBSOLETE.



WE'LL
GET OUT OF
THE CITY.

OR DIE
TRYING.

*She has no concept of
what we're up against.*

*I'm still into Big Daddy for
a million, and the tone in his
voice tells me the construction
was his idea in the first place.*

*That means he's going
ahead with plans, so
Kelvin's gonna want
his million back too.*

*Like most people,
she's blind to what
the Order unleashes
when it is scorned.*

*Yet somehow,
looking into
those eyes...*

*...I still got more
hope than ever.*

the IRON Saint

CONFIDENTIAL



Cover Gallery

WITH COVER ART FROM FRANCIS MANAPUL, JOE MADUREIRA,
MICHAEL TURNER, CHRIS BACHALO, JEFF MATSUDA, JOEL GOMEZ,
JIM LEE, AND THE DREAMHIVE
4 PZ ANIMATION, CHRIS LIGHTNER,
PETER STEIGERWALD, TIM TOWNSEND, AND BETH SOTELO,

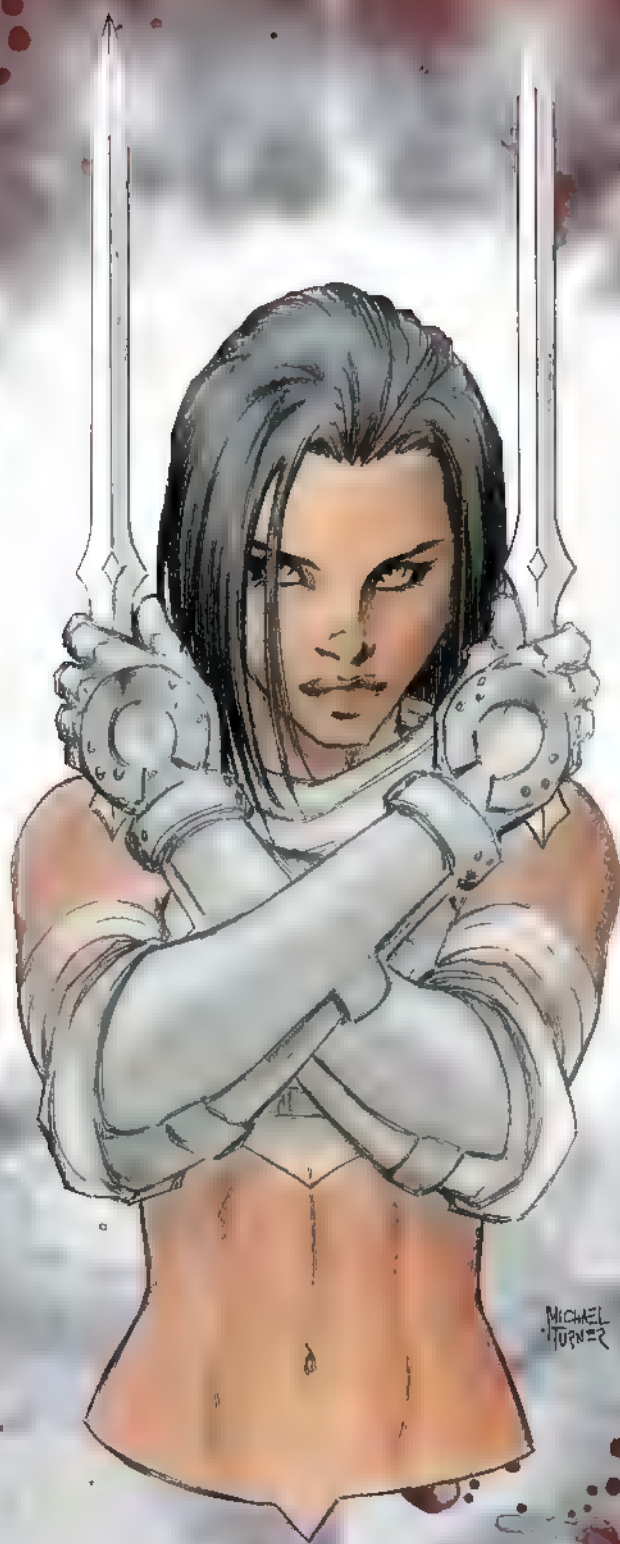




MAD
MATSUDA
Chris
01









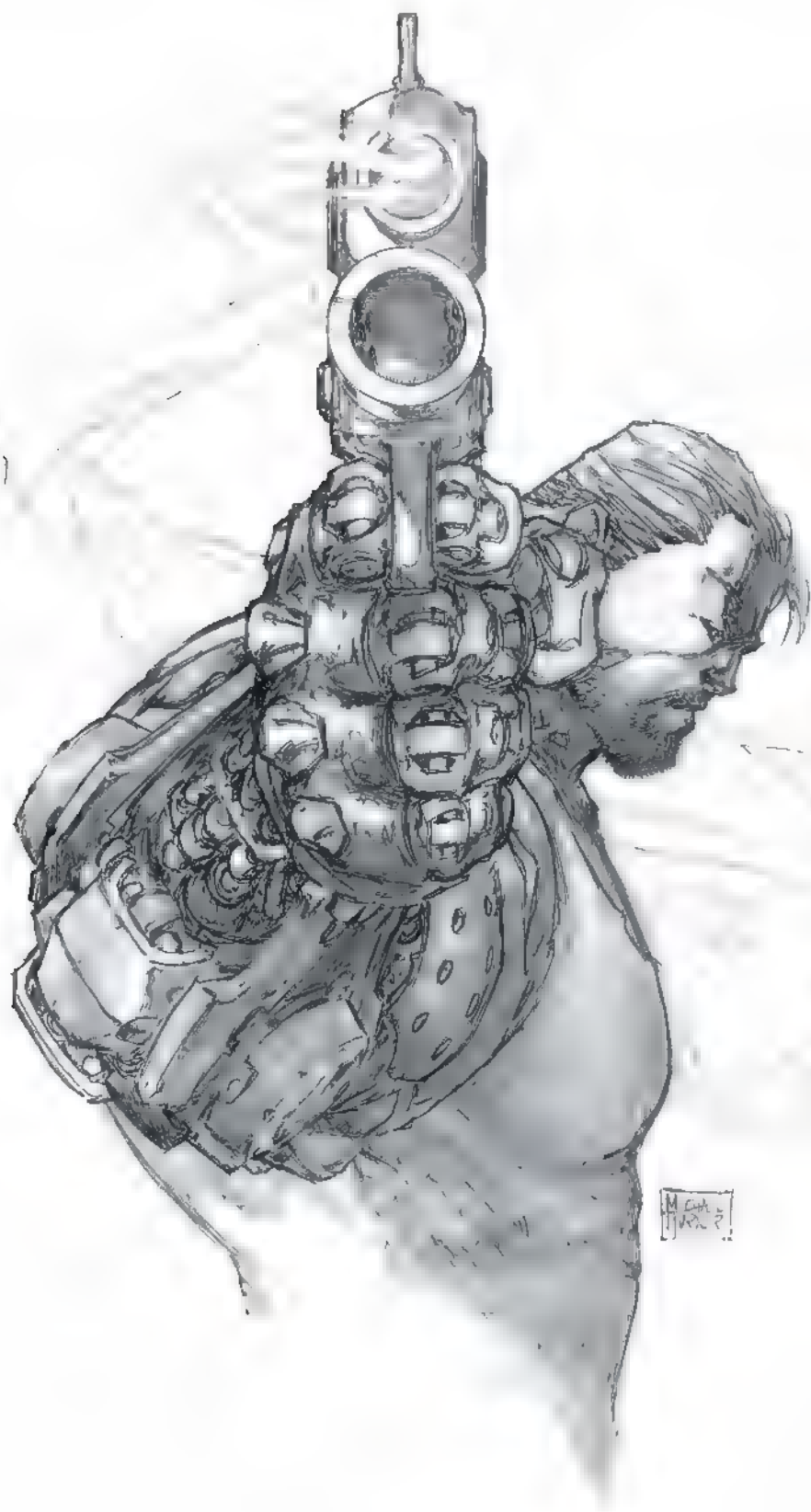
The Iron Saint: Issue #8 cover B, Wizard World Philadelphia Exclusive
art by: Michael Turner, Francis Manapul and Peter Steigerwald





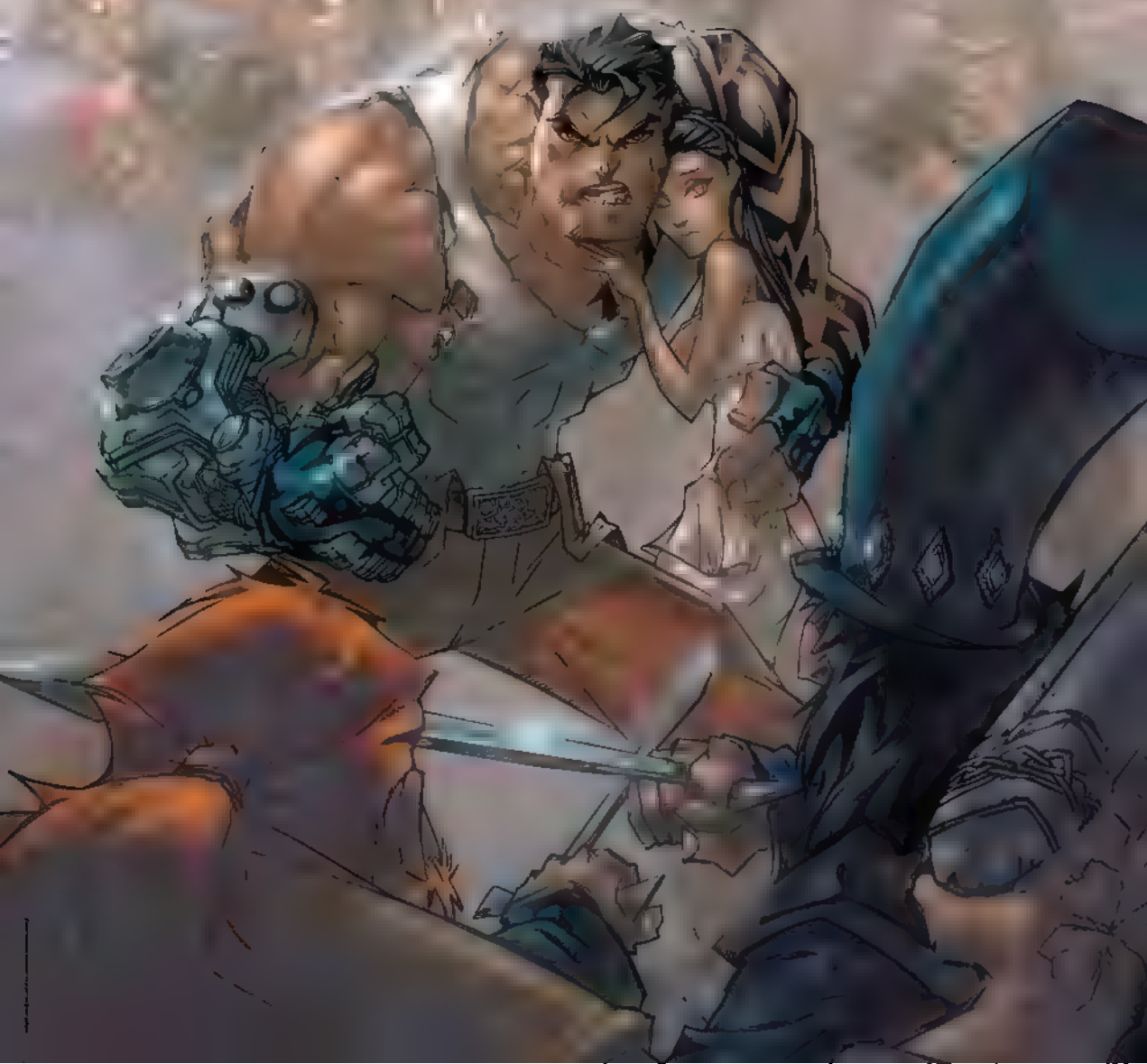
The Iron Saint: Issue #2 cover B
art by: Chris Bachalo and Tim Townsend











The Iron Saint: Issue #3 cover C, Retailer Incentive
art by: Michael Turner and Peter Steigerwald



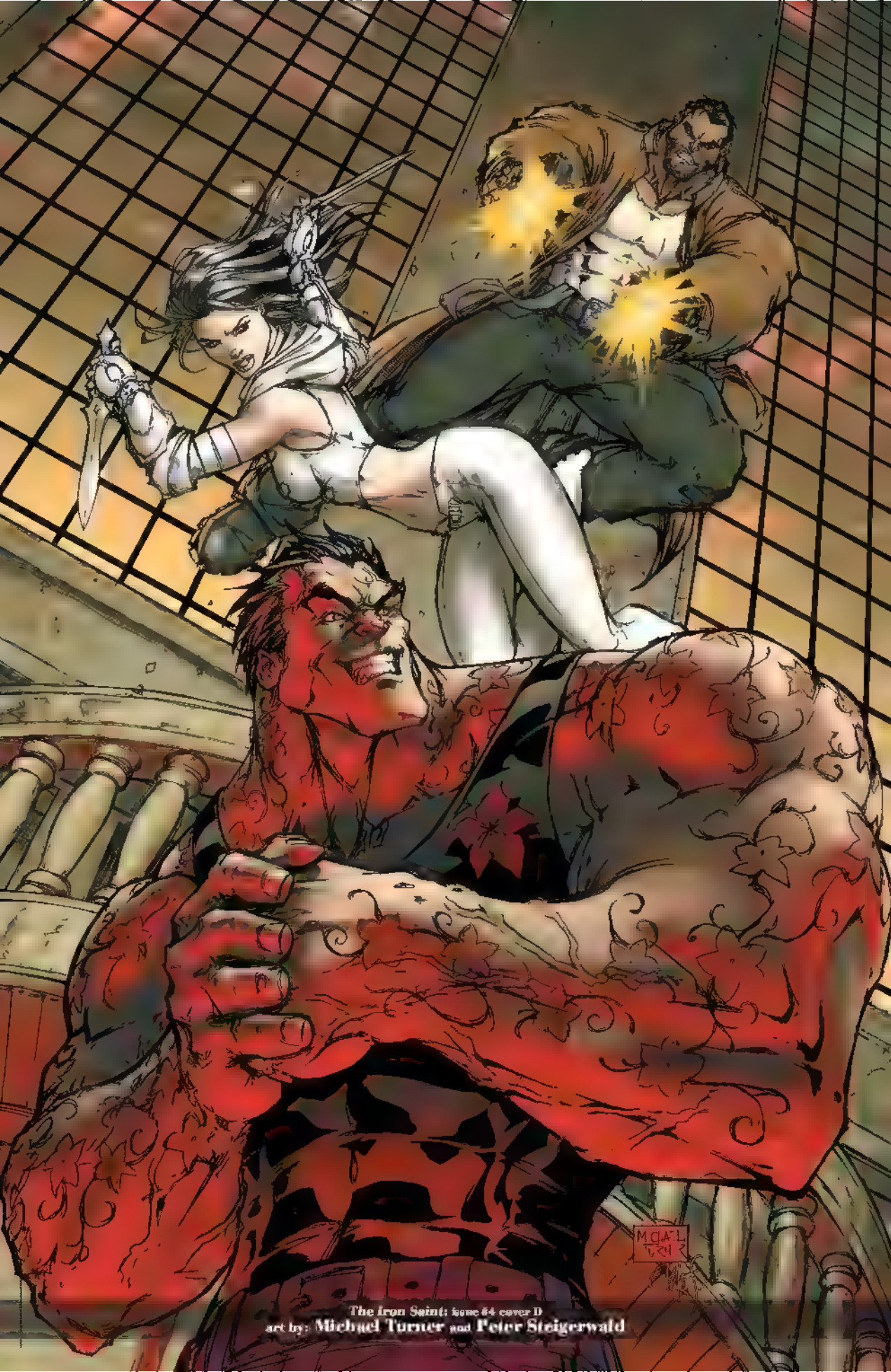






SMITH
the second

The Iron Saint: issue #8 cover C
art by: Jim Lee, Richard Friend and Beta Sotelo



The Iron Saint: issue #4 cover D
art by: Michael Turner and Peter Steigerwald





The Iron Saint, Brutes, Bins and the City cover by Francis Manapul and Peter Steigerwald





CREATION AND PRODUCTION DOCUMENTS FOR

The Iron Saint

A COMIC CREATED AND WRITTEN BY JASON RUBIN
PENCILS BY FRANCIS MANAPUL AND JOEL GOMEZ COLORS BY DANIMATION
WITH CHARACTER DESIGN BY JOE MADUREIRA & JEFF MATSUDA AND DESIGN BY BLUR



The Iron Saint Development Docs

The Iron Saint took nearly 3 years of production to bring to fruition. Designed like a movie, or video game, with ample pre-production and visualization before pencils began, the final books include the ideas, concepts, and final work of well over a dozen individual artists. In these pages you will find some of that work credited to the individuals responsible. I have created video games and comics that have generated well over a billion dollars at retail. And yet all of that has been built on a foundation of artwork that, for the most part, did not come from my hands. The Iron Saint is a perfect example of ideas brought to life and improved by others. My sincerest gratitude goes to those that created the magic inside these pages and allowed me to get this story and world out of my head and onto these pages.

- Jason Rubin 2010

Michael Iron

Who was I to cold call the legendary Joe Madureira and ask him to design Michael Iron and Angel Chase? Just a guy who managed to track down his phone number and was willing to spend the rest of his life calling until I achieved my dream.

Luckily, Joe took an immediate liking to the characters and agreed without even threatening legal action! It was incredibly satisfying to see that MAD even used his rendition of Michael Iron as his Facebook profile picture for a few months in 2010.

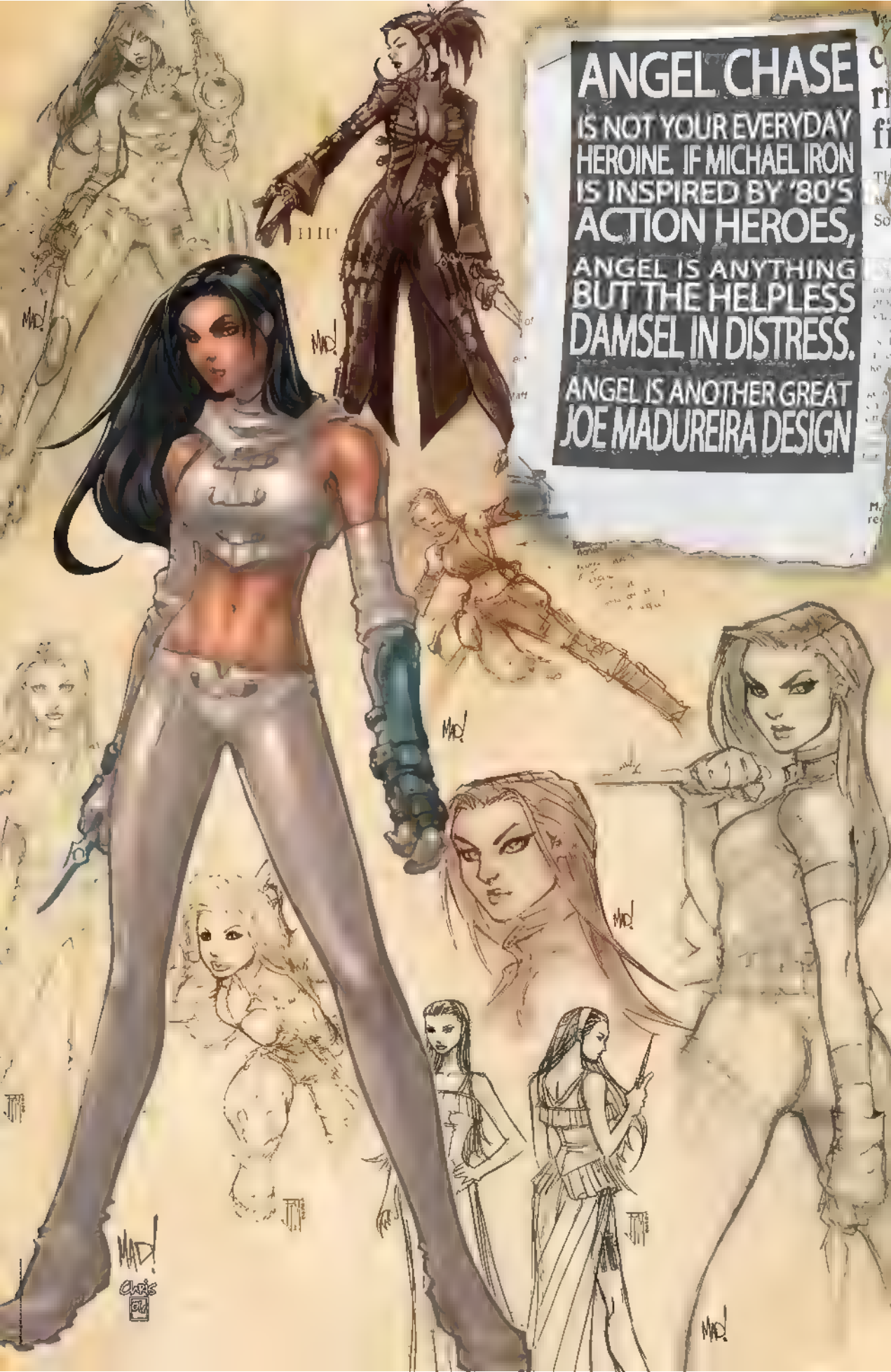
In all my years of working with artists, I have never met one with more innate talent. If Iron Saint succeeded, it is due in great part to the tone his character designs inspired.



ANGEL CHASE

IS NOT YOUR EVERYDAY
HEROINE. IF MICHAEL IRON
IS INSPIRED BY '80'S
ACTION HEROES,
ANGEL IS ANYTHING
BUT THE HELPLESS
DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.

ANGEL IS ANOTHER GREAT
JOE MADUREIRA DESIGN



BIG DADDY

& JEFF MATSUDA'S DESIGNS!!!

It is rare to work with one top designer on a project, but to be able to work with two of them on a single project is almost unheard of. Jeff Matsuda joined the design team after Joe had finished Iron and Angel's designs. His first task: Design the ultimate bad guy, a four foot monster filled with a mile of evil, the Syndicate Boss Big Daddy.

Jeff brought his trademark sense of shape and balance to The Iron Saint's pantheon of characters. From the good, Dr Lubicus to the bad, Sweet Joey Petunia, to the ugly Frigg and Fragg. Jeff took my direction and multiplied the coolness factor by 11.

O
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100



MATSUDA
Chris
04



MATSUDA
Chris
01



MATSUDA
Chris
EV



MATSUDA
CHRIS
OW

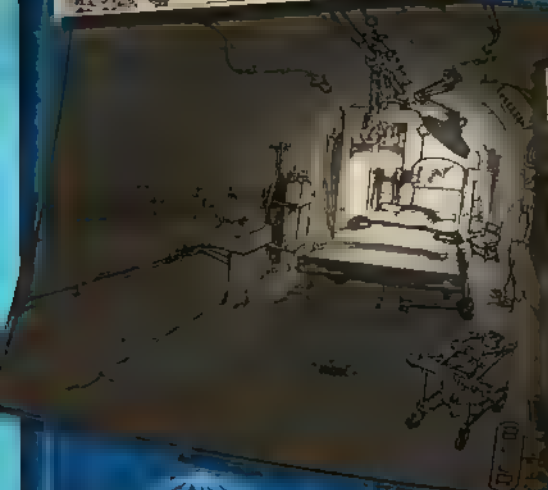


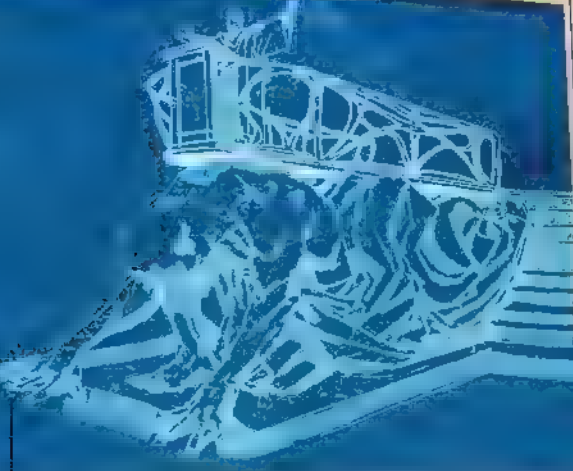
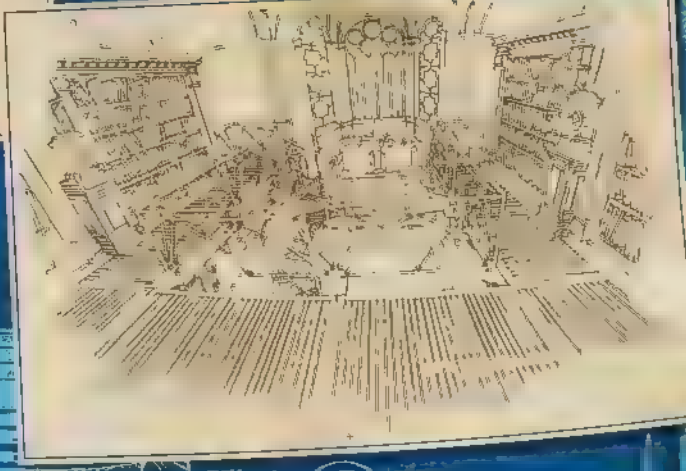
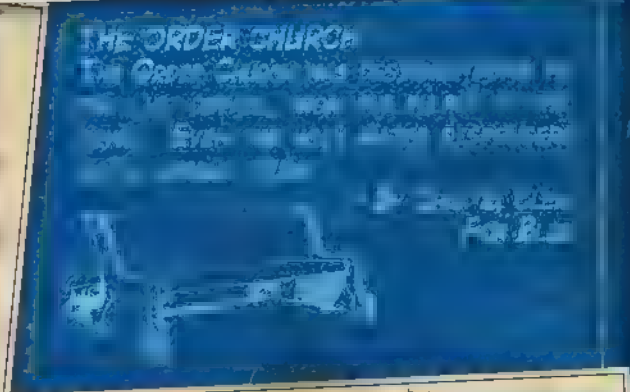
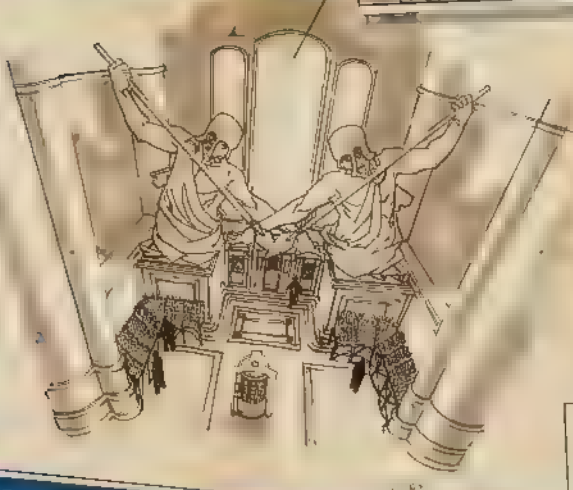
MATSUDA
Chris
04

THE IRON SAGE

BLUR BUILDING DESIGNS

EVERY DESIGNER HAS A DREAM OF A PERFECT BUILDING. BUT THE PROBLEM IS, HOW TO GET IT. THE ANSWER IS, BY DESIGNING IT. THE DESIGNER MUST FIRST OF ALL, DESIGN THE BUILDING. THEN, HE MUST GET THE BUILDING DESIGNED. THEN, HE MUST GET THE BUILDING DESIGNED. THEN, HE MUST GET THE BUILDING DESIGNED.





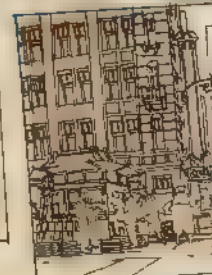
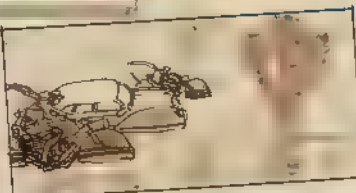
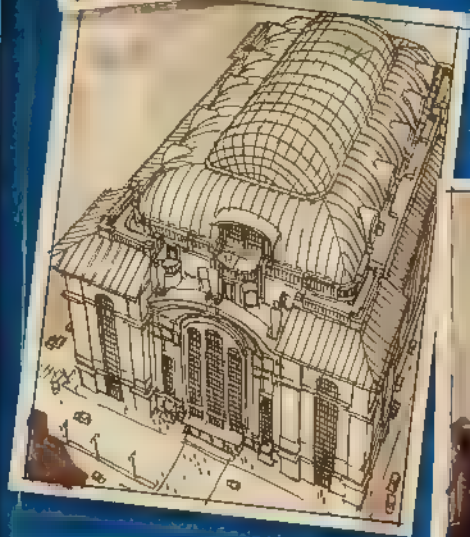
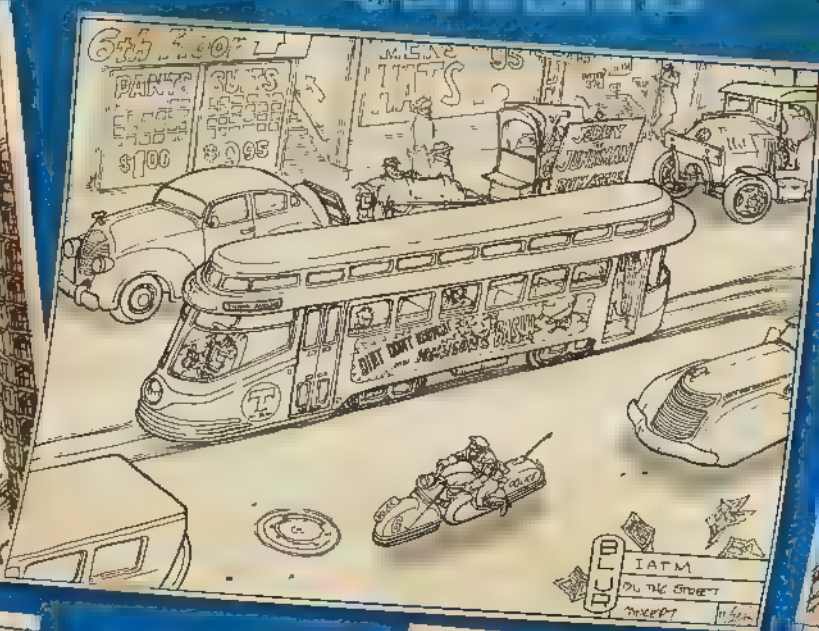
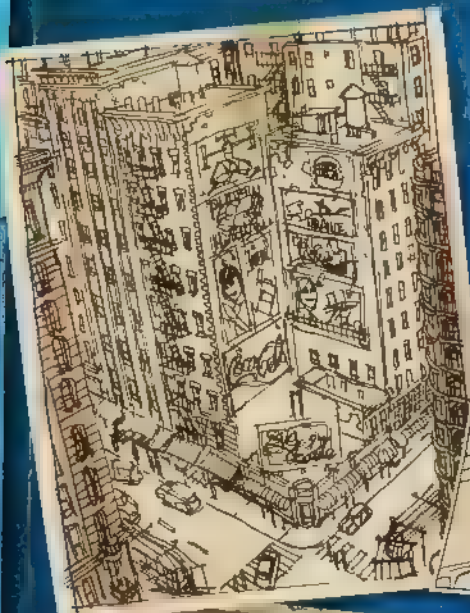
THE IRON SALT

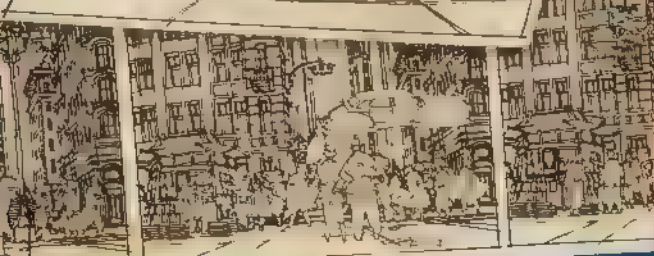
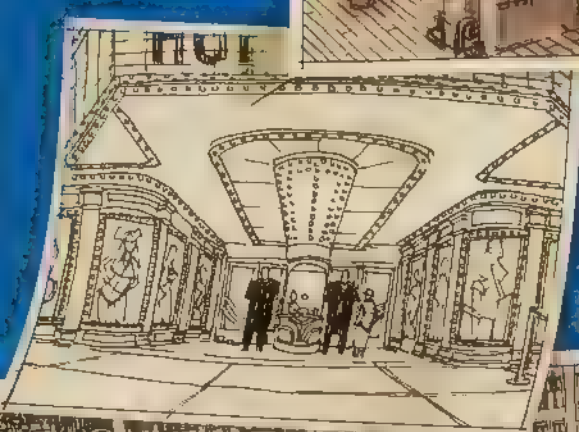
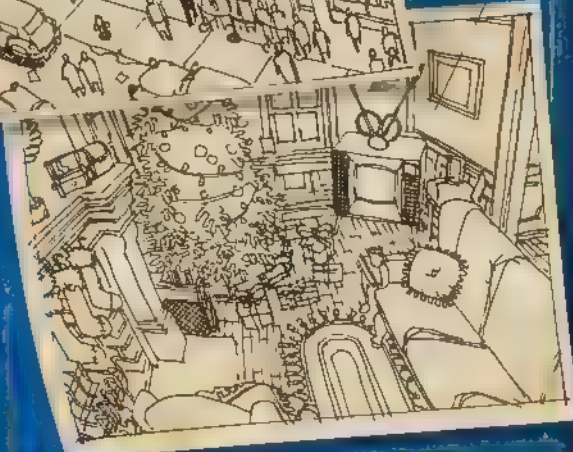
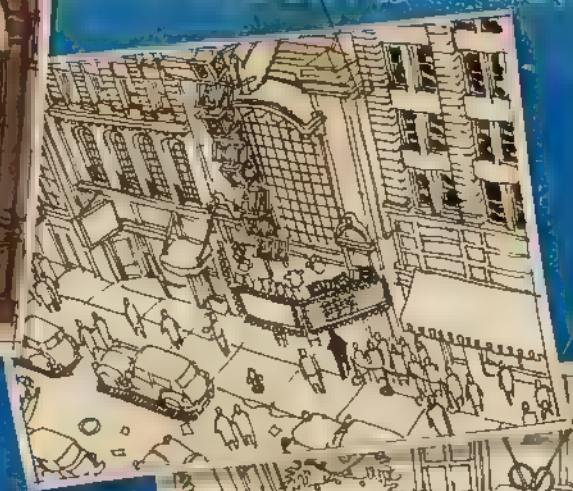
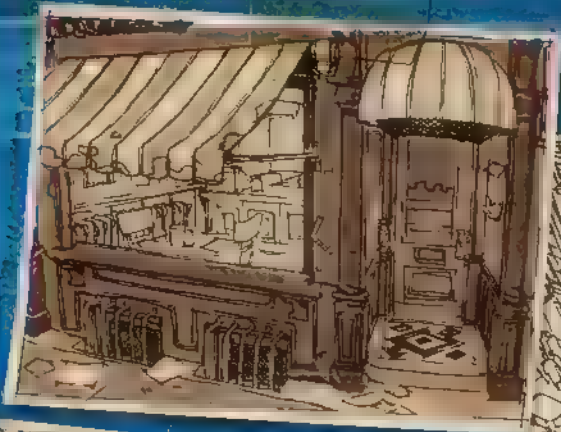
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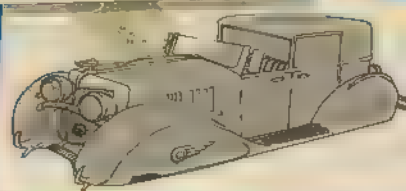
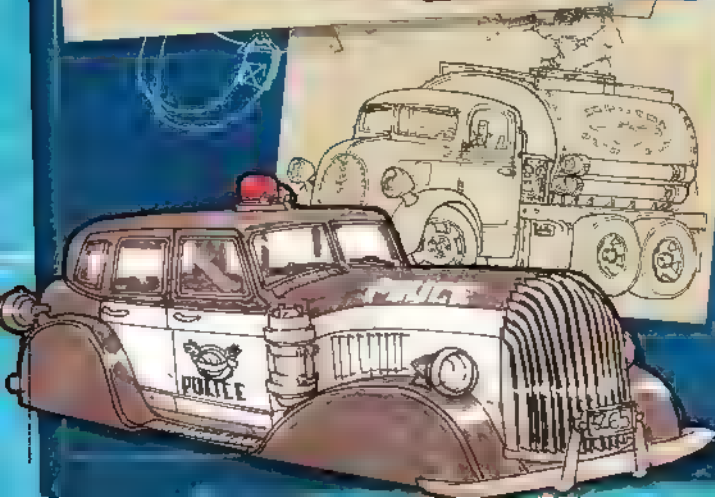
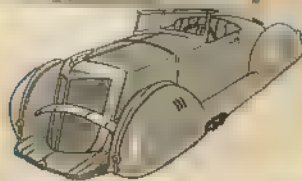
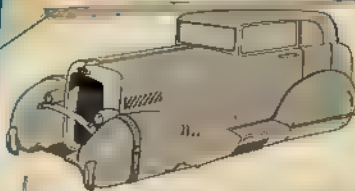
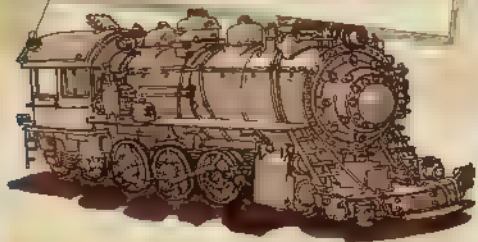
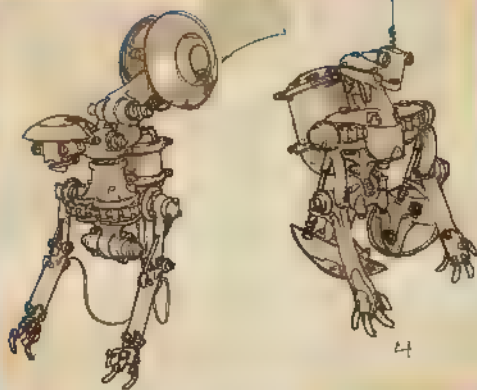
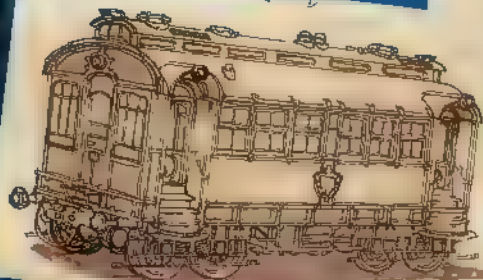
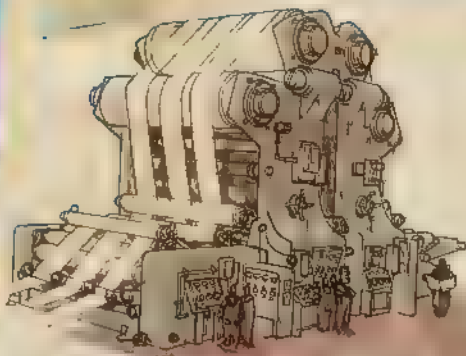
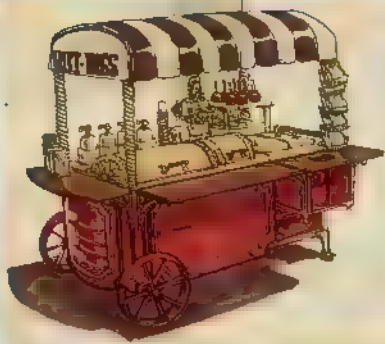




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